

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1876.

The Week.

THE Presidential campaign has already begun behind the scenes in good earnest, and even on the public board some moves are being made. Senator Sherman has come out for Governor Hayes of Ohio, and Mr. Kerr announces that Indiana will go for Mr. Hendricks. In this State the Conkling movement continues, with how much force it is difficult to say. The whole campaign has, however, as yet, a slight air of unreality, for nobody who knows anything about the way conventions are managed supposes that the names now put forward mean anything decisive. The bargains, the exchange of vote for vote, and State for State, and the arrangement of first, second, and third choices, have all as yet to be made. If we knew, for instance, that when Senator Sherman says he is going to support Hayes he meant to support him to the bitter end, and as it were die voting for Hayes, or if we felt certain that Mr. Kerr would do as much for Mr. Hendricks, we should feel that the situation was deeply interesting. But we know perfectly well that Mr. Sherman and Mr. Kerr need not do anything of the kind, and that they may even now, in their secret hearts, believe Hendricks and Hayes to be impossible candidates, and may be now chiefly considering whom they will vote for as a real candidate when it shall have been demonstrated to their party friends as conclusively as it already has been to themselves that neither Hendricks nor Hayes has a ghost of a chance.

The Senate has been occupied during the past week with a discussion of the rights of settlers on railroad land-grants, and has passed, by a vote of 44 to 9, a bill to confirm pre-emption and homestead entries within land-grant limits in cases where the entries have been made under the regulations of the Land Department. The House joint resolution authorizing the payment of the 3.65 February interest on the District of Columbia bonds came up, and the House amendments, providing that nothing in the bill should bind the Government to pay interest or principal of bonds illegally issued, and prohibiting any further issues, were struck out—the objection on the part of the Republican senators being that the latter amendment assumed wrong when none was known to exist, while the former would prevent the payment of honest claims already audited and convertible but not converted into bonds. During the debate it appeared that these bonds now amount to something like \$15,000,000, and Senator Oglesby of Illinois declared that Senator Dawes (who made a long speech on the subject) had made it plain to him that the extravagance in the District “would never stop until God in his wrath put his foot upon it” (a statement which caused a good deal of laughter among the senators), and followed this by a prediction that unless Congress stopped the manufacture of bonds now going on, the Commissioners would not stop until they reached “a hundred millions.” This prediction caused “renewed laughter,” though no one explained what there was to laugh at. An amendment was finally adopted limiting the issue to \$15,000,000. Pinchback's prospects have been advanced by a report of Senator Morton from the Election Committee on Mr. Eustis's adverse claim, to the effect that there is no vacancy, as Pinchback was duly elected for the term commencing March 4, 1873. What with back-pay and mileage, poor Pinchback has lost now, we believe, about \$20,000, and this, with the damage to his character caused by the attacks of a malignant press, must make up a very pretty sum; but we have no doubt he will substantially reimburse himself sooner or later.

In the House, the West Point debate has been the principal subject of interest. The general result of the debate, as far as can be made out from the newspaper reports, seems to be that the reductions proposed in salaries have been generally carried, though, as to the cadets' pay, a compromise has been effected, by which it is fixed at \$540. The debate was wound up by what is known as a “tilt” between Messrs. Hale, of Maine, and Cox, of New York. Mr. Hale declared that Mr. Cox was unable to resist the orders of his “masters.” Mr. Cox denied having any masters, and further retorted by urging that Mr. Hale had been known in the last three or four Congresses as Mr. Blaine's “little pup,” on which Mr. Hale retorted by reminding his adversary that Mr. Butler had likened his political career to the buzzing of the domestic fly. The whole affair, however, passed off quite pleasantly in the end, the Chair reminding the House that dignity and decorum were absolutely essential to the proper conduct of business, and that if honorable gentlemen insisted upon turning the House of Representatives into a bear-garden, they could not expect it to remain at the same time a dignified parliamentary body. He also sharply reproved the galleries for the noise they made—a device always resorted to by shrewd Speakers when they lose control of the House. Mr. Morrison has brought in a bill to revise the tariff. The bill abolishes the present double system of duties and substitutes specific duties throughout; reduces the duties on many articles, and puts tea and coffee on the list at four and ten cents respectively; the estimated revenues at these rates being—from coffee, \$12,718,800, and from tea, \$6,485,600. The chief articles put on the free list (it embraces over a hundred) are: bituminous coal, which produced a revenue in 1874-5 of \$327,537 50; aniline dyes and colors (\$304,266 12); and caustic soda (\$565,048 29). The bill seems to be designed as a compromise measure, and intended to pass the Senate. The House also has had before it a bill to prevent the sending of obscene matter through the mails, which the newspapers will have to look after. Though introduced by a Republican, it was opposed by Messrs. Hoar and Garfield, and recommitted. There seems to be some doubt whether its sweeping provisions may not furnish the means for new attacks upon the press.

Mr. Nordhoff's book on the “Cotton States during the Spring and Summer of 1875” has, on page 55, some statistics about murders which throw useful light on the charlatany—we can hardly use a milder word—of speeches like Mr. Morton's about “Southern outrages,” and particularly the special device of all these speeches which makes all Southern murders political, and blacks or Republicans the victims. The fact is that during the years of carpet-bag government crime went practically unpunished, and there were, therefore, many murders; but how absurd it is to ascribe them, or even the majority of them, to political causes is well illustrated by Mr. Nordhoff's figures with regard to thirteen parishes in Louisiana in which he obtained the statistics of crime. In these there were, from 1868 to 1875, 313 murders. Of these, 93 were of whites by whites; 143 of negroes by negroes; 28 of whites by negroes; 32 of negroes by whites; 3 of negroes by officers of justice; 5 negroes by persons unknown; 7 whites by persons unknown; 5 whites by mobs, and 5 negroes by mobs. This is no doubt a shocking state of society; but what can Congress do about it? How is it worse than the state of society at Mauch Chunk or in New Mexico?

Governor Chamberlain has been writing a letter to Governor Morton as to the election of Moses and Whipper to South Carolina judgeships. In it he says that “unless the universal belief among all classes of people in this State is mistaken, he [Moses] is as in-

famous a character as ever in any age disgraced and prostituted public position," and adds that if there is anybody in Washington who shall happen to deny this, he will prove it. As a specimen of his villany, he declares that Moses, in order to secure his election when running for Governor, sold out the commissioners of elections, of whom he had the sole appointment, for \$30,000, of which \$15,000 was paid to him in cash, and the rest made contingent on success. There is not a man in South Carolina, he says, who would "trust Moses with \$10." As to Whipper, he describes him as "ignorant of law" to such an extent as to disqualify him for "the intelligent discharge of any judicial duty," "ignorant of morals, a gambler by open practice," and an embezzler. Moses, he says, is quite as ignorant as Whipper, and Whipper has "lacked only opportunity to prove himself the equal of Moses in infamy." He implores the Northern Republicans to "unload" Moses and Whipper, and declares that if they do not the party in South Carolina is doomed.

The Texas and Pacific Railway Company continues to hope for success in obtaining Government aid to secure its construction. The line of road which this Company proposes to construct is what is best described as the thirty-second parallel line, which passes through Arizona and New Mexico in close proximity to the Mexican border, and terminates at San Diego, the most southerly seaport of California. This road was among the earliest Pacific-railroad projects, and is substantially identical with the lines which have been known as the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific, and the Southern Pacific railroads, and in which at one time General Frémont figured conspicuously. The main line of this road starts from Shreveport on the Red River and extends to San Diego, a distance of some 1,500 miles. Of this only about 200 miles are now completed, and trains are run only to Dallas in the State of Texas; the Company, however, owns a branch seventy-four miles long extending to Texarkana, where it obtains its eastern outlet through the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway, and has partly completed a line parallel to that already built running directly west from Texarkana. This Company has received a land-grant from the United States Government, but has failed to construct its road with the rapidity required by the act conferring the grant; they now propose to relinquish all claim to the land, but ask the Government to guarantee five per cent. interest on their bonds, of which not more than \$40,000 are to be issued for each mile of road. In brief, the request is the guarantee of five per cent. interest on \$61,000,000—an annual charge of \$3,000,000.

This railway must not be confounded with the present Southern Pacific Railroad, which is building by a California corporation, and whose projected line lies entirely within the limits of that State. This road is intended to run from San Francisco to Fort Yuma, at the extreme southern corner of the State, where it would connect with the Texas and Pacific Railway, and form the San Francisco outlet for a thirty-second parallel line; its general direction is from southeast to northwest, and it reaches over nearly six degrees of latitude. About 150 miles of the main line of this road have been in regular operation for a considerable time, 500 miles are now reported as done, and work is being diligently prosecuted among the mountains of Southern California. Though owned by a separate and independent corporation, the capital for the construction of this road is being supplied very largely by the capitalists who control the Central Pacific Railroad. The President of the Southern Pacific Railroad, Mr. C. P. Huntington, of New York, has recently published a letter, in which he offers to extend his road eastward from Fort Yuma to the eastern boundary of Texas, or to a meeting-point near the one hundred and third meridian, provided the Government will transfer to his company the land-grant which the Texas and Pacific Railway has forfeited. About one-half of the uncompleted portion of the Texas and Pacific Railway, from its present water terminus to the proposed connection

with the Southern Pacific Railroad at Fort Yuma, lies within the State of Texas, and the proposed extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad through Southern Arizona and New Mexico would connect the mineral lands of that section with San Francisco, but would by no means complete the thirty-second parallel railroad; it can hardly be doubted, however, that capital could soon be found to supply the missing link. The effect of the subsidy would be to open a new transcontinental railway, under an independent management, to an undeveloped port in Southern California. The eastward extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad, for which a land-grant is desired, would probably secure at an early date the completion of a second line to the Pacific, and develop a country which is now virtually inaccessible; but it would leave the railroad system of the Pacific coast and the Western outlets of both transcontinental lines in the hands of the men who already control the railway system of California, and in whose hands the San Francisco outlet of the thirty-second parallel line must in any event remain.

Mr. Bristow has met with another success in the conviction of McKee, one of the proprietors of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, and this result has not encouraged General Babcock's friends. The whiskey trials in St. Louis have been remarkable for the skill with which they have been conducted by the Government, and the intelligence shown by the juries in following the evidence. The standing and position of many of the defendants was such that there was every reason to anticipate a disagreement, particularly when we reflect that they were tried in a community in which the defrauding of the Government of its whiskey tax had almost become an established custom, so that it was rapidly becoming impossible for honest manufacturers to continue their business without joining the Ring.

The extreme minuteness of the religious question, as it is called in those States in which it has shown itself at all, will, we suppose, be taken by some people as proof that there is nothing in the dispute worth disputing about, and by others it will be maintained that the fury of the combat about mere trifles shows how deep-laid the trouble is. Everybody has heard of the Ghegan law in Ohio, which has just been repealed by the Republicans, and against which such a fearful denunciation was raised during the last campaign in that State. It was talked about on the stump as if it had been drawn up by Cardinal Antonelli at the request of the Pope, and rushed through by a straight Jesuit vote, and as if its object had been the establishment of an Ohio branch of the Inquisition. The law really forbade compulsory attendance on religious worship in State "institutions" in the case of conscientious scruples against the form of worship, and made it the duty of the trustees to furnish "ample and equal" religious "facilities." There may have been something very bad behind all this, but we believe an exactly similar law has existed for years in Massachusetts without objection. The measure which in this State has been playing the same part as the Ghegan bill in Ohio, has been the "Gray Nuns Act." The mysterious name of this measure has had so powerful an effect on the imagination of the Legislature at Albany that a repeal has been carried through with great vigor, Morrissey playing an amusing part in the farce by making a tremendous speech, in which he declared himself willing to sacrifice anything on the altar of American liberty. The act presented the Gray Nuns with an exceptional privilege of obtaining certificates as public-school teachers at the discretion of the State Superintendent. Mr. Tilden declares that the act had really been repealed by subsequent legislation when the Legislature met. This seems at any rate to have been done now, and the Gray Nuns may as well give up the game.

The *World* is a very clever paper and an able expounder of the faith of the true Democrat, not necessarily as it is but as it ought to be, and indeed would be, were it not for the fact that, like other faiths, it has to be evolved from the acts and opinions, hopes, fears

illusions, and prejudices, of imperfect and erring men. It has, however, the peculiarity of giving its readers the impression that journalistically it is somewhat latitudinarian, and sometimes that each column is edited independently of every other. Notably is this the case with regard to the column contributed by a gentleman who calls himself "Piccadilly," and whose duty seems to be to explore and reveal the secrets of English current opinion as to current American politics. While the *World* editorially is denouncing the iniquities of the republican worship of Baal, the faithful "Piccadilly" is doing service in the good cause at the British capital. Lately he has been sending home "English opinion on Grant's latest campaign dodge" (for such, we are sorry to say, are the terms in which the Ishmaelites of the *World* characterize General Grant's bold onslaught upon the Bishop of Rome and his myrmidons); and this opinion comes from persons of no less importance than Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Archdeacon Denison, the Rev. James Martineau, and Mr. W. E. Forster. We cannot say that the replies of these gentlemen are conclusive, inasmuch as they almost all say that they know too little about the subject to venture an opinion. "Piccadilly's" method, however, is worthy of notice as an indication of the growing power of the press. He does not "interview" anybody. He writes a letter, and invariably draws a reply of some kind. Whether this epistolary method is to take the place of the now obsolescent interview it may be too early, as "Piccadilly's" conservative friends on the other side of the water would say, to express a decided opinion.

The week has been uneventful in the financial world. As was expected, the Bank of England reduced its discount rate to 4 per cent., but without effect on the discount rate of other banking institutions in London, which continued $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and without important effect on the London market for securities. Here the tendency of loans to lower rates was arrested by an enlarged demand for money from the Stock Exchange, where there was a rampant speculation in shares, which culminated, however, before the close of the week. The New York banks are each week becoming stronger in reserve, and now have a surplus reserve of \$15,500,000, against \$15,994,000 at the corresponding time last year. These banks chiefly have borne the contraction of Treasury-note circulation during the year, and have consequently about \$9,000,000 less of this kind of currency than a year ago. Gold and sterling exchange have advanced slightly during the week by reason of the importations of United States bonds from London and the German markets, where prices, because of the unusually large demand for bonds from banks, insurance and trust companies here, continue much below this market. The final settlement between the Rothschild Syndicate and the United States Treasury takes place on the 15th instant, and bankers calculate that it will result in a diminution of the stock of gold in this market.

The mercantile situation calls for no special comment. The number of failures occurring is not alarming; and although there is not the utmost confidence in what constitutes the wholesale grocery trade, there is in dry goods a degree of confidence not witnessed for the past two years. The movement of Western staples has been somewhat checked by the unseasonable weather, which has made it impossible to haul grain over the dirt roads to the railroads. Western railroad receipts have therefore been unfavorably affected in important sections. The gold price of \$100 greenbacks during the week has ranged between \$88 30 and \$88 59.

Mr. Albert Grant has written a letter, or pamphlet, of which a summary is given by the London correspondent of the *Tribune*, in which he offers to pay fifty thousand dollars to the Company in atonement for his share in bringing the Emma Mine on the London market if the legal proceedings against him—for which Mr. MacDougall

is preparing—are abandoned. Mr. MacDougall is, however, a man of war, and is not disposed to compromise, particularly as he has his eye on Grant's confederates, Park and Stewart. The story Grant gives of his connection with the scheme is directly opposed on material points to Schenck's own and to Mr. Reverdy Johnson's. Indeed, Grant asserts that Schenck's name as a director was used many weeks or some months before Schenck says he first saw Park, as an inducement to Park and others to go into the mine, thus flatly contradicting the Schenck story that the proposal that he should become a director was only made to him after November 1, when he signed the agreement with Park. What the reporters call "rich developments" are still looked for. The fact is that the theory that Schenck was the dupe of Park has always been a hard one to swallow. In this "Emma Mine" discussion he has usually been treated by his friends as if he were a country minister who had been imposed on by a set of Wall-Street sharpers. He is, however, a politician sixty years old, who spent eight of the most corrupt years in the history of the Government—1863 to 1871—in Congress, and in the last of these served as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, when he was, of course, surrounded by the most hardened lobbyists and speculators of the time, and even among them was a renowned poker-player. The idea, therefore, that when he saw Park and Stewart he could not make out what kind of men they were, and that when Park offered to lend him \$50,000 he thought it was out of patriotism, is one to which it is difficult to give serious consideration.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England has given judgment in the case of the Methodist minister whom an ill-conditioned country vicar refused to allow to call himself "Rev." on his daughter's tombstone. The vicar was sustained both by the bishop, the chancellor of the diocese, and the Archdeacon Court, but common sense prevailed in the court of last resort, which decides that "Reverend" prefixed to a clergyman's name is and always has been a mark of courtesy simply and never an official title, and that under the law of England every man may take it who can get it. This—so strange a creature is man—has grieved some of the Anglican clergy so much that they are issuing circulars requesting their friends to call them Rector This or Vicar That, in order not to expose them to the imputation of being Dissenting ministers. Another very amusing illustration of the low state of the humorous faculty in the English Church has just been afforded by the public protest from "A Magistrate in Two Counties" against a speech of the Bishop of Winchester, in which he said he was prepared to accept a republic in England "if Providence so ordered it." This concession on the Bishop's part the magistrate considers atrocious on the part of a man who has twice sworn allegiance to the Queen, and says it would at one time have brought his head to the block. There are cases evidently in which he expects the Bishop to resist even the Divine decrees.

There are various statements telegraphed from the French "arithmetic men" about the composition of the Senate. The *Journal des Débats* gives the Conservative-Republicans 100, the Monarchists 70, the Bonapartists 41, and the pure Radicals 10. The *Siccle* strikes the Radicals out altogether, and gives the Republicans 101, the Legitimists 38, the Bonapartists 45. The *Paris Journal* makes a different division, taking away 17 from the Republicans and obliterating the Radicals, and distributing them among the Conservatives of the three sections: Orleanists, Republicans, and Bonapartists. These divisions are worthy of notice as showing the extreme faintness of the lines by which the various sections of French political opinion are divided, but have hardly any other importance. The fact seems to be that the Conservative-Republicans, meaning by that those who are disposed to give the new constitution a fair trial, are in a majority; but that the Bonapartists and Legitimists can, by combinations, play many disagreeable tricks.

MR. FISH'S FACTS.

IT appears from Mr. Fish's letter to Mr. Cushing (which is dated November 5, and therefore was written at about the same time that the very able expositions of international law contained in the President's message were being prepared) that the view taken at Washington of the Cuban difficulty is that the island is in a condition of anarchy, in the strict sense of the word. Spain is of course, in the eye of the law of nations, charged with the duty of providing a government which shall protect property, enforce order, punish crime, and, in short, maintain the machinery of society in such a condition that not only natives but foreigners may enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. According to Mr. Fish, however, she does not do this. She sends troops to the island, but they do not put a stop to the "ravages of war." She establishes courts, but they do not repress crime; she makes decrees, but is unable to enforce them. American property is seized without process of law; the orders of the home government are treated with contempt. Spain does not any longer, properly speaking, govern the island, and yet no native Government has arisen to take her place. Cuba, therefore, is in a state of anarchy, and as American commercial interests and the safety of the lives and property of American citizens are bound up with the preservation of order on the island, there is a growing feeling in this country that the time is coming when, to use Mr. Fish's words, "it may be the duty of other governments to interfere, with the view of bringing to an end a disastrous and destructive conflict." This, as Mr. Fish's note proposing representations to European governments shows, means intervention either singly or in combination with European powers.

It would certainly be a singular spectacle to find ourselves, ten years after requiring the withdrawal of the French from Mexico in obedience to the Monroe Doctrine, inviting all the European governments to repeat the Mexican experiment in Cuba, and we are sorry not to have had as yet any intimation of the view taken by the French Government of the proposal. But, leaving this out of view, intervention involves the provision of a remedy for the evils of which we complain, and of what this remedy is to be Mr. Fish gives no intimation. The American system of government offers no room for dependencies governed by the army; and Cuba as a state with universal suffrage would be so broad a farce that it cannot be seriously considered. The alternative suggested by Mr. Fish in his despatch of a year ago, that Cuba's manifest destiny is to become one of the family of American republics, is not a whit better, there being no reason whatever to suppose that American lives and American property would be safer under a Cuban Republic than they are under Spain. Nevertheless, we have assumed a very threatening attitude, and have informed Spain that if she does not govern Cuba she must leave it, or we cannot be answerable for the consequences. What, then, is to be the next move? Spain evidently has no stomach for fighting, and we have declared that the present state of things cannot continue. Spain cannot govern the island. The island cannot govern itself. We cannot allow a European protectorate. What can be done?

The whole difficulty in the case arises, we believe, simply from the mistake made by Mr. Fish in drawing upon his imagination for the postulates upon which all his arguments and threats are based. He brings forward no facts to prove his case, and we venture to say that every intelligent man who has watched the course of the Cuban question and the drift of public feeling upon it here for the last three or four years, knows that his whole foundation is pure assumption. The impulse which republicanism, bad and good, all the world over, received from the success of the North in the war of the Rebellion, did for a time furnish an unhealthy stimulus to the so-called Cuban Rebellion. A Cuban Republic was established in New York, Cuban bonds were put on the market, and Cuban filibusters sailed from our ports to reinforce the volunteers on the island. There was even a Cuban President, and a show of an army in the field. Within the past three or four years the condition of affairs has wholly changed. The Cuban Junta in New York is disorganized and in a

moribund condition, the Cuban bonds have degenerated to the level of non-negotiable claims upon a non-existent promisor, the filibusters have been put down, the *Virginus* is at the bottom of the ocean, and her only remaining imitator, the *Edgar Stewart*—if indeed she was designed for a descent on Cuba—has been caught and stopped. The Cuban army has apparently disbanded, and does not any longer engage even in bloodless battles, such as it formerly fought; and the Cuban President is an official whom it requires a good deal more knowledge than we pretend to possess to identify.

These facts are so undeniable that, although Mr. Fish in his despatch talks about a "disastrous and destructive conflict," and represents the state of affairs to be getting continually worse and worse, General Grant, in his message, announces that there is no war going on. Mr. Fish declares that the state of affairs has grown so bad that we must be thinking about intervention. Yet, if we are to take General Grant's declaration as authoritative (and in these matters the Secretary of State is not supposed to have a "policy" of his own), we are forced to the conclusion that they have grown so much better that there are no Cuban belligerents and not even a *de-facto* Cuban Government. As to the drift of public opinion in this country, it is difficult to read what Mr. Fish says without a smile. He represents the Administration as engaged in an almost hopeless struggle to repress the fury of the American people, justly aroused by the repeated outrages of the Spaniards. Like the master of ceremonies in the well-known story relating to the fabled *Giascutus*, he tells the expectant audience that "he hopes" to get the animal "under," but is unable to express a confident opinion on the subject. When we look for evidence of this fury, where do we find it? Where are the public meetings; where are the newspaper articles; where are the petitions to Congress? Since the *Virginus* war-meetings of three years ago, there has not been the faintest ripple of excitement in favor of Cuba anywhere in the country.

Mr. Fish lays particular stress on the decline of commerce with Cuba; but here again the facts utterly fail to support him. The commerce is increasing and not decreasing, as the following figures, which we reproduced the other day from the *Commercial Bulletin*, show:

EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED STATES TO CUBA.			
1868-9	\$12,643,000	1871-2	\$13,168,500
1869-70	13,091,000	1872-3	15,231,000
1870-1	14,200,000	1873-4	19,597,000
IMPORTS INTO THE UNITED STATES FROM CUBA.			
1868-9	\$58,201,000	1871-2	\$67,720,000
1869-70	54,056,000	1872-3	77,469,000
1870-1	58,240,000	1873-4	86,272,000

In the face of these figures, Mr. Fish's assertion that the "ravages of war" have "well-nigh ruined" the relations of Cuba "to the commerce of the world" read very queerly, particularly as he gives no figures of his own.

With regard to the *Virginus* massacre, Mr. Fish states the only existing grievance to be that General Burriel and the other principal offenders have not been punished for their part in the tragedy. But an isolated affair of this kind is hardly a sufficient cause for intervention. The *Virginus* was an armed war-vessel, which our Government let loose on a Spanish colony in defiance of international law and our own neutrality laws, through culpable negligence. The Spaniards caught the ship and put her commander and crew to death. The objection to the execution was its haste and brutality. But, though this butchery was in itself shocking to the feelings of civilized mankind, violent death, after all, is no more than the ordinary risk of the filibuster's trade, and to undertake to govern Cuba because Spain has been dilatory in the performance of her promise to punish General Burriel, would be going rather far. Mr. Fish, going the rounds of Europe inviting the kings and emperors over here to do what his predecessor drove one of them out for doing, has already approached Great Britain on the subject, and, strange to say, there is no evidence of any desire in England to interfere in any way. Now, England is in the same position with regard to the *Virginus* massacre that we are. Her

citizens have been butchered as well as ours, and money damages have been paid in both cases. Her shocking indifference is, we suppose, to be explained by her stingy shabid of balancing expenses against results.

If any foreign government were to threaten intervention in the affairs of the United States, on the ground of the existing anarchy in the State of Mississippi, we should be, no doubt, justly surprised; yet any foreign government could make up quite as good a case for such intervention as we have against Spain as to Cuba. It could produce a speech made by a prominent senator of the United States, accompanied by a vast amount of sworn evidence, showing conclusively that it is as much as a man's life or property is worth to venture within the confines of the State; it could produce any quantity of evidence that the Government in many parts of the State is nothing but organized plunder, and that trade and commerce have almost been brought to a standstill; and it could prove from the Constitution of the United States that the Federal Government has no power to interfere. This is precisely the kind of anarchy which Mr. Fish declares exists in Cuba.

There would, we believe, be no serious difficulty with Spain if Mr. Fish would, in his discussion of the subject, confine himself rigidly to the actual facts. These are simply claims such as we have had against all governments, arising out of injuries to American citizens; in such cases, when the obligation of a government to protect foreign property is violated, the usual remedy is to demand money, and the ease with which we compelled Spain, at a time when we were utterly unprepared for war, to pay the *Virginian* damages, and even to promise, in a certain contingency, to perform a public act of contrition by a salute to the flag, shows that this remedy is available. But if, at the very time the head of the Government is explaining to Congress that there is no state of war on the island, and when commerce with the island is steadily improving, the chief cabinet officer is calling all Europe to witness the fact that "the ravages of war" have "well-nigh ruined" the commerce of the island; if, when there is no evidence on the subject, he will insist on the public feeling in the United States being so excited that it may "force events"; if, in short, he discovers facts where none exist, and suppresses those in existence when they become inconvenient, he can hardly expect his conclusions to be binding either upon the public mind or his successors in office. The true way out of the dilemma in which he seems to have placed us lies not in assaulting the imposing diplomatic superstructure he has raised, but in attacking the foundation, the extreme shakiness of which threatens already to bring the whole edifice down about his ears.

PROFESSORIAL PAY.

THE debate on the West Point appropriation, while it revealed in a gratifying way a desire among some of the members to let the School alone, or at all events to deal fairly with it, suggests some possibly useful reflections as to the condition of the popular mind about the pay of professional teachers. Teaching is one of the three or four callings for which it is ordinarily believed and said no man can be too good. No combination of mental powers and moral excellence is, in popular opinion, thought sufficient to raise a man above the position of an instructor. A first-rate man may be unfit for it, but he cannot be superior to it. The literature of the day, moral, political, and religious, is indeed full of magnification of the teacher's office, and of comment on its awful sacredness and importance. Now, it is a remarkable fact, in view of all this, that there is the greatest reluctance to apply to it the standard by which the value of nearly everything else is estimated—the money standard. A teacher cannot get in school or college, anywhere in the country, more than the pay of a clerk in a store or counting-room. In the very highest places in his calling he seldom receives the pay of a good book-keeper in a commercial house of moderate pretensions, and his salary is fixed, on the whole, in accordance with the popular view of fitness and expediency. The esti-

mate is arrived at in two ways. Under one view, he ought not to get any more money, because his place can always be filled at that rate. According to another, he ought not to wish for more, and more would be injurious to him morally. His work is of such a lofty character that, if he is worthy of it, he will not care about money; if he does care about it, it shows he is not the man for his place. The answer to all objections to these views usually is: If teaching be underpaid, how does it happen that there are so many teachers in the market? Then, as in the recent debate in Congress, many people are satisfied that it is good for teachers and professors and people of that class to be economical. Economy is not ordinarily agreeable; few persons practise it themselves if they can avoid it, and, indeed, life to most persons in the United States is passed in an arduous struggle to escape the necessity of it. But everybody, while disliking it himself, thinks it would be good for his neighbor, and likes to see his neighbor practising it, and all, or nearly all, are agreed that, whatever doubt there may be about its usefulness in other cases, all schoolmasters and professors are the better for it, and would be seriously injured by being enabled to avoid it. A moderate anxiety about the food and clothing of his family is, in fact, considered by a large proportion of the public a kind of wholesome and indispensable stimulus to the scholar. It is thought injurious to the lawyer, doctor, or merchant, but somehow it purifies and elevates a minister or college professor. All through the debate in Congress, it was evident that the majority of the members would have considered a professor in easy circumstances something in the nature of a scandal.

Now, the effect of money on the character of the teacher is something we do not mean to discuss; but we think it is desirable to point out one way in which the teaching profession is seriously damaged by the prevailing opinion that its pay ought to be low. It is not possible in these times to set apart any profession, class, or calling as one needing a special regimen, nor is it possible to prevent the prevailing desire for money from reaching any class or calling. You may refuse to give its members money, but you cannot prevent their wishing to get it. The ascetic spirit is comparatively dead among us. We have various ways of using money, but we all want to use it. The man who would scorn to spend it in horses, or wine, or fine cookery, or furniture, would like to spend it in books, or pictures, or travel, or charity. In fact, everybody secretly feels that he would be improved morally by being rich, and that there are certain noble traits of character in him which nothing short of a million would bring out prominently. The ministers and teachers and professors cherish these convictions, in varying degrees of strength, as well as the merchants and manufacturers, and the worst of it is that the money-making people, in spite of their lofty view of the teacher's vocation, take it for granted that the professorial people cherish them; therefore, the common rough, popular view of a teacher is not that he is a saint or devotee who likes poverty, but that he has, like other men, got as much money as he could and as much as he is entitled to. To "the average man," therefore, a minister, schoolmaster, or professor is not a hero, sacrificing himself for his fellows, but a "fifteen-hundred-dollar man" or a "three-thousand-dollar man," who has got into a poor business and cannot get out of it.

There are some shrewd people who think it well that the community is able to secure the services of able and conscientious men at starvation wages, and that having once got into the harness they cannot escape. But then, inequality and injustice are things that are pretty sure to defeat their own objects sooner or later. It is not possible in our day, when so little jurisdiction is left to custom and tradition, to keep any callings requiring exceptional mental and moral qualities underpaid. The effects of scanty remuneration in any profession we rarely detect. They are seen not so much in any diminution of zeal or activity in the men already in it as in the repulsion of the younger men who have not yet chosen their profession. Every calling is constantly making a silent, invisible draft on the talent and energy of the country, which is strong

or weak in proportion to the attractiveness of the prizes which it offers, and men make up their minds whether to enter it or not at an age while choice is still free, and when ambition and hope are still strong. They do not, however, publish their reasons for going into any particular calling or put them on record anywhere; but everybody who knows young men knows what they are. Men beginning life do not ask for certainties, but they do ask for a fair chance of pecuniary ease and social consideration if the prospect of wealth be wanting; and year by year and generation by generation the ability of the community turns away from professions in which this chance is small. At the present moment, the difficulty which every college finds in getting men of a high grade for the leading professorships is great, and grows steadily, and the cause is obvious. When a young man sees a first-rate man teaching the rudiments of French or German, or correcting the grammar or spelling of freshmen's themes, on \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year, he secretly resolves that he will not commit himself to any vocation in which such a waste of great gifts is possible; and in like manner, when he reads a debate in Congress approving of an attempt to discover the exact sum on which a military instructor can keep body and soul together, he determines that the service of the Government in any such capacity shall never be his business. In short, we have in our whole educational machinery done what we could to discourage the ambition and energy and capacity of each generation from entering the very callings in which energy and capacity are of most importance to the State, and we drive them into the already overdone work of material production. The only exception to this rule is the work of legislation, in which the legislators have taken care to make their own pay keep pace with the depreciation in the value of money.

THE BRITISH ARMY.

LONDON, January 16, 1876.

ENGLAND has periodical fits of her old military spirit. They are brought on mainly by an uncomfortable feeling of insecurity, but partly by an under-current of energy which, though latent, wanders about uneasily seeking for an outlet. The military class, as distinguished from the civilian class, is small, but it exists. It is represented, as it ought to be, near the throne, but it is not influential in the country. It might clamor from one year's end to another for increased armaments, but no one would listen to it. The military note must be struck much lower down the social scale. It must reverberate round and among the comfortable people who make up the middle classes of the community before it makes impression upon Parliament or upon the country. Panic, or something approaching to panic, finds its way into the breasts of the comfortable classes more rapidly and more effectively than a fit of energy or a desire for military glory. But when, whether by panic or, it may be, by a sense of indignity offered to the flag or the honor of the country, the great middle classes are roused from their inertness and their excessive desire for an easy life, the energetic and military classes are not likely to lag behind, and then we come face to face with the phenomenon of the military spirit of old England rising up to assert itself and to show that it was only dormant while men thought it dead. We went through a phase of this kind in 1852, when Louis Napoleon struck down the liberties of France and menaced England. Then we resuscitated our defunct militia, and entered on a career of expensive ship-building which has cost us many millions. We had another bad attack some years later when the French colonels made themselves ridiculous by calling upon their emperor to lead them at once across the Channel, and the Parisian gamins began to call out "à Londres" as they cried "à Berlin" in 1870. Then it was that we commenced an hermaphrodite military system by organizing our volunteer corps. The first symptoms of what threatens to be a serious attack are beginning to show themselves in the body politic at the present time, and, before the summer heats come on, we shall be in a tolerably advanced stage of the military fever.

People are awakening to the fact that this "money-logged island" is in what might turn out to be a defenceless condition. In the good old days we trusted to "the silver streak of sea" which separates us from Continental nations, and to our wooden walls. But the silver streak is not so formidable as it was when the first Napoleon chafed and fretted over the futility of his Boulogne flotilla seventy years ago, and Lebrun-Pindar sang, in anticipation, the dirge of London:—

"Tremble, nouvelle Tyr, un nouvel Alexandre
Sur l'onde où tu régnales va disperser ta cendre ;
Ton nom même n'est plus !"

and the wooden walls have given way to steam and iron. We have, I suppose, as good a fleet of the new kind as any other nation—perhaps as any two other nations—and we have the old material out of which our sailors have been formed. But the conditions of naval warfare are completely changed. No one can predict the issue of a naval war between two first-rate powers. No one can say whether, under the new conditions, the old superiority of our men would avail us much. The chances are that British seamanship and British pluck would tell on board an iron-clad as they used to tell on board a wooden ship. But the comfortable classes do not like to trust to chances. The disasters of our "submarine fleet" during the last five months, and the fatuous incapacity which revels for the nonce at the Board of Admiralty, have startled the comfortable classes and made them feel about uneasily. What are we to fall back on, they say, if our navy were to fail us? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that we were at war, and that, by a series of misfortunes and unforeseen eventualities developed by the new conditions of naval warfare, our fleet were unable to resist a successful landing on our shores, what is there to prevent the enemy from marching from the coast to London, from London to Liverpool, and from Liverpool to Glasgow? The argument is suggestive of a bad nightmare produced by a city-corporation dinner where all the comfortable classes of the county dined together. But once stated it is difficult to answer, and it raises up a mountain of speculation, interesting perhaps to lookers-on, but grievous to surmount.

We have, I believe, an army numbering some 188,500 men; a militia numbering 116,000; some 172,000 volunteers, and 12,600 yeomanry cavalry. We have also 31,000 pensioners and reserves, and a great many honorary colonels. The total strength, therefore, appears not inconsiderable—on paper. It approaches a force of 500,000 troops, and if all these troops were efficient and available I do not think that the most timid of the comfortable classes would have much reasonable ground for alarm. But, unfortunately, we have not much confidence in their efficiency or availableness. The militia and the volunteers would prove of little value, authorities tell us, against trained troops. I am not competent to form an opinion upon this matter, but if I may judge by the appearance of an ordinary militia regiment out for three or four weeks' annual drill, I should not be without anxiety for the welfare of my country if even one battalion of regular troops were pitted against the entire body of 116,000. As for the volunteers, I should be the last man to disparage the physical benefit which shopkeepers' apprentices and city clerks derive from the movement, but I should imagine that a prudent general would reserve the period of their baptism of fire until every other resource had failed him. That the material of the volunteers, and of the militia too, is excellent I do not doubt, but time would be required to bring both branches of the service into working order. Recent wars, however, do not encourage the notion that time would be allowed for preparation. Wars are short, sharp, and decisive. While our militia and volunteers were practising the goose-step in barracks, the enemy might have overrun the country, reduced us to submission, and gone home again.

Our regular army is, of its size, most excellent, but nearly one-half of it must always be in India and on foreign service, and what we have at home it is not easy to keep together. The old recruiting system, under which smart non-commissioned officers, with long ribbons streaming from their caps, frequent likely street-corners in the vicinity of public-houses, for the purpose of picking up male waifs and strays who are willing to enlist, does not seem to answer. Even Mr. Gathorne Hardy, the present War Minister, and a steadfast believer in old institutions, expressed some anxiety as to the success of this time-honored system. Nearly 4,000 men deserted, he said in introducing the army estimates two years ago, in 1873, and the percentage upon recruiting was about 33 per cent. of the whole. In the infantry of the line it was 30 per cent., in the foot-guards 51 per cent., and in the army-service corps it had attained the extraordinary proportion of 146 per cent., so that if the corps were not recruited a little more assiduously the whole of it would soon melt away. We could not, I suppose, muster 100,000 regulars all told for home defence, and even this handful of men would be scattered all about the islands. This, it may be frankly admitted, is not satisfactory.

There is a good deal of talk about the state of the army just now, and the impossibility of securing an adequate number of recruits by the present methods of enlistment. Everybody has a remedy to propose. The Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, has publicly asked for more money,

and that means an additional penny or twopence on the income-tax. The Conservative Government may grant his request, but, inasmuch as we spend more than thirty-two millions sterling each year upon our Home and Indian armies—or about the same amount as the armies of Germany, France, and Austria cost collectively—they will incur a dangerous amount of unpopularity by doing so. The War Office has published a scheme of mobilization of such troops, regular and auxiliary, as we have, but (though it looks well on paper, and is admitted generally to be a step in the right direction, and an indication of activity at headquarters) competent critics consider it faulty in detail and unnecessarily costly. The veteran Lord Grey has a prescription, which he has offered to the country through the *Times*. And now Mr. Holmes, the member for Hackney (best known as Mr. Fawcett's colleague), is addressing audiences nightly and expounding his remedy, which is neither more nor less than a subversion of some of the most cherished traditions of English military life. Mr. Holmes, unfortunately for the success of his scheme, is a cotton-spinner, and consequently the kind of animal that military authorities despise. But the public are not more prejudiced against a cotton-spinner than they are against a colonel, and they would give the cotton-spinner a fair hearing even on military matters, provided he showed ability and moderation. Mr. Holmes has, on the whole, answered the test, and he has succeeded in exciting a good deal of attention. His supporters, however, have not exhibited so much wisdom. They have shown a tendency to interweave their political crotchets, such as the abolition of the Contagious-Diseases Acts, into the web of military reform, and thereby damaged a good case. Mr. Holmes's system, so far as he has expounded it, is shortly this. He would abolish the militia because it is a sucker rather than a feeder of the army—the best men being always recruited into it, and being imperfectly trained when they are there. He would have only one force for home service. This force would not consist of one large army, but of several small ones decentralized and localized each in its own native district. The men would be enlisted for seven years, but would remain only two years with the colors. The remaining five years they would be in the reserve, earning their living as civilians, receiving a small portion of their pay when they come up for drill each year, and the bulk of it at the expiration of their time. For foreign service the pay would be higher, and the recruits who elected to go on foreign service would be required to enlist for the full seven years' active service. Considerable reductions would be made in the unnecessarily large number of officers, and a considerable saving would be secured, Mr. Holmes thinks, by knocking the centre War-office on the head. This system its author calls a modification of the Prussian system, of which he approves. But speaking, as he does at present, to Radical audiences, who have been taught by their leaders to regard conscription as a "blood-tax," Mr. Holmes seems to think it necessary to suppress the fact of conscription in the Prussian army. But conscription, or compulsory service, is the cardinal point of the Prussian system and the keystone of his own, and this is precisely what Mr. Holmes will not face. If he proposes to remodel the British army on a new system, he must have the courage to follow where his system leads. Short service can only answer in combination with compulsory service. As soon as Mr. Holmes is prepared to carry out his principles to their logical conclusion he will find attentive audiences, but I am not sure that those of Sheffield and Manchester will cheer his dry logic as lustily as they did his warm invectives against the existing system and the annual expenditure.

Though an amateur physician, I too have a cure for the military ills which oppress us, but I fear you will hardly give me space at the end of this long letter to prescribe it. Put very shortly, it is this: Let us face the necessity of compulsory service if we wish to feel secure at home and to exercise some little influence abroad, but let us make our compulsory service as light as possible. Let us begin it early; take it when we are young, like measles, and be all the better for it. Compulsory military training should be enforced at every elementary school as strictly as reading, writing, and arithmetic, and no boy should be permitted to leave his elementary school until he has satisfied the authorities of his proficiency. Such training could not be otherwise than of physical benefit to the recipient, and, once thoroughly acquired, it would never be forgotten. One year's regular service with the colors—say at the age of twenty—would then be sufficient to make the stupidest man effective, and a fortnight or three weeks' drill each year thereafter during the period of service in the reserve would be all that was necessary to preserve efficiency and to qualify the soldier to meet on equal terms the best-trained army in the world, and to give a good account of it if it should be rash enough to land on these shores. Compulsory service to this extent would not be grievous, and every male who was not physically disqualified should be compelled to undergo it. If Mr.

Holmes would engraft this proposal upon his own scheme and persuade the public to accept of it, I believe he would render real and valuable service to his country. Some years would necessarily elapse before the scheme would take root and come to maturity. Our descendants would reap the benefit of our forethought, and the comfortable classes of the future, after the male members of them had served their time, would rest in peace, and sleep in their beds with a conscious feeling of security.

MADAME GEOFFRIN.

PARIS, January 14, 1876.

THE confusion of classes and of ranks did not begin with the French Revolution. It would be very interesting to study what may be called the democratic spirit in the French theatre, especially in the theatre of Mairivau. Read, for instance, the *Fausse Confiance*, and you will find in it a curious sort of equality, not the equality arising from justice, the equality of right; it might be called the equality of sentiment. The eighteenth century was the century of *sensibility*; Rousseau was the decrinaire of the heart.

A curious instance of the new equality which was assuming its rights in the eighteenth century may be found in the famous Madame Geoffrin, the so-called "mother of the Encyclopædia" and the patroness of the philosophers. If you look at the facts, and if you try to find the secret of her great influence, you are astonished to discover that she was of obscure birth, the daughter of a valet-de-chambre of the Dauphin. At fifteen years of age she was married to a manufacturer; Geoffrin was one of the founders of the first establishment where glass was made in France; it was formerly imported from Venice. He made a good fortune and left it to his young wife. He does not seem to have ever been noticed by anybody. A gentleman who returned to Madame Geoffrin after a journey, asked her once: "What has become of the old gentleman who always sat silent at your table and never said a word to anybody?" "Oh! I know whom you mean; he is dead." "What was his name?" "He was my husband." This conversation would not give a correct idea of Madame Geoffrin. She was not *legère*, indifferent; her peculiarity, on the contrary, was to be serious in a light age. She did not rise to fame by her love-affairs, like Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse; she had no *friente*, like Madame Du Deffant; her reputation always remained quite intact; she had no disposition for what was called *galanterie*; she was sociable, and nothing more. She had all the sterling qualities of true sociability; she was eminently discreet; she could keep a secret; she was faithful to her friends, constant; she took unremitting pains to bring people together, and to match them with art; she was not brilliant in conversation, but she could make her visitors talk; she knew how to keep a *salon*—an art which will soon, I am afraid, be extinct, thanks to the progress of civilization, to politics, and races, skating-rinks, operettas, pantomimes, extravagance of dress, and general absurdity and costliness of life.

Madame Geoffrin was left, at the death of the good and silent glass manufacturer, with a good income, but surely her dinners could not be compared to the most frugal repasts of one of our speculators in Peruvian or Ottoman funds. Otherwise, she could not have had, every Wednesday, at her table the philosophers—such men as Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, Helvétius, D'Alembert, Raynal, Grimm, Marmontel, Maupertuis, Gibbon, Hume, Horace Walpole; every Monday, the artists, Bouchardon, Vanloo, Vien, Latour, Boucher, Cochin, Vernet, Soufflot, the Comte de Caylus. The philosophers were not fed with the black broth of the Spartans, and the artists have in all ages had the reputation of being *gourmands*; but the dinners and suppers of the last century were not at all the luxurious repasts of our time.

Madame Geoffrin had some points in common with Madame Récamier. This last lady was married very young to a gentleman who might have been her father; she had more beauty than Madame Geoffrin, but she kept her friends enslaved chiefly by the charm which distinguished people found in a *salon* where they could always meet each other; she had refined and cultivated tastes, she spoke very little herself except in the *tête-à-tête*, but she knew admirably how to *draw* people and how to place her literary diamond in the best possible light. She also found adorers among princes, and the Prince Augustus of Prussia was to her what Prince Poniatowski, who became King of Poland, was to Madame Geoffrin. The only Poniatowski now universally known in France is the unfortunate general who served in the great army of Napoleon I., and who was drowned in the Elbe River after the battle of Leipzig. The Poniatowskis were not originally Poles; they were Italians, like the Gondis and the Broglios, who became the Broglies. The family came from Lombardy, and

bore the name of Torelli. One of them married, in the seventeenth century, the daughter of Albert Poniatow, and took the name of Poniatowski; the father of Madame Geoffrin's friend, Count Stanislas, married a Princess Czartoryska, and by this alliance found a place in the highest nobility of Poland. He was one of the companions of Charles XII., whose adventurous life has been narrated by Voltaire. After having been a soldier, he became a diplomat, and was sent in 1753 to the court of Louis XV., accompanied by his fourth son. This young nobleman was very handsome, and the Duchess of Brancas wrote on this subject to Madame Geoffrin: "No foreigner ever came to us under greater advantages." At that time, Madame Geoffrin was already more than fifty years old. Count Stanislas-Auguste was introduced to Madame Geoffrin, and found much amusement in her *salon*. He took a great interest in art and literature, and quite adopted the tone of the philosophers. You shall judge of it by his somewhat coarse imitation of the allegorical style of the time. I find these lines in a letter he wrote on the subject of the family of the Sirvens, who had become, like the Calases, the *protégés* of the great philosopher. "I have seen," he writes to Madame Geoffrin, "in the letter which Voltaire sends to you *Raison* addressing itself to *Friendship* in favor of *Justice*. If I ever make a statue of Friendship I shall give it your features. This *Divinity* is the mother of *Benevolence*; you are mine since some time." Madame Geoffrin had become the "mother" of this foreign prince; she gave him his second education, and, though we may laugh now at the letters he wrote her, there was something rather touching in this devotion of the proud and handsome Pole to a French "bourgeoise."

Something extraordinary was expected from him; a magician had predicted that he would some day wear the crown. At an early age he was named ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg, and he became the lover of Catherine, the niece of the Empress Elizabeth, who was married to Peter of Holstein-Gottorp, accepted by the Empress as heir to the crown. Poniatowski was only then twenty-five years old; he was intoxicated with the favor shown him by the Princess Catherine, and little suspected that this favor would be the cause of all his misfortunes. The future Empress had taken his measure. She saw in him the vanity, the credulity, the generosity, the weakness which could make him an easy prey. Her vices were the covering of a deep-seated ambition; she resolved to make a king of Stanislas-Auguste, so as to become the mistress of his kingdom. He became her candidate for the throne of Poland, and, as he had the support of the Czartoryski faction, he was elected. He gave his French "mamma" an account of the election—"there had never been such a tranquil, such a unanimous election." This tranquillity will be better explained if it is added that Catherine had sent ten thousand of her troops into Poland, and that Frederic II. stood ready with his army at the frontier. "The principal ladies of the kingdom," writes our vain Stanislas-Auguste, "were presented to me in the midst of the electoral field, in the midst of the squadrons of the nobility, and I have had the satisfaction to be proclaimed by the mouths of all the women as well as by the mouths of the men present. . . . Why were you not there? you would have voted for your son!" Madame Geoffrin must be pardoned if she felt a little over-exultant at this triumph of her affectionate and devoted son. "My dear son, my dear king, my dear Stanislas-Auguste"—she gives him all these names together. She saw herself the distant Egeria of a new Numa Pompilius. It was the fashion of the time to ask the philosophers for constitutions. J. J. Rousseau had made one; every friend of Madame Geoffrin thought himself able to conduct the affairs of a great empire; why should she not herself be afflicted by this innocent mania? She did not spare her advice to the new king; she offered to send him secretaries, men of letters, philosophers, who could assist him in his new duties.

The king often pressed Madame Geoffrin to make him a visit, and she finally decided to go to Poland, not a small enterprise in those ante-railway times. The Parisians admired the courage of "the Queen of Sheba, who went to admire the wisdom of a new Solomon." Marmontel called her "Truth on her journey." At Vienna, on the Prater, a carriage stopped hers; a gentleman alighted, and, bowing to her at the door of her carriage, said, "The King of Poland is very fortunate in having a friend like you." This gentleman was no other than the Emperor. In Poland, Madame Geoffrin was not long in discovering that the royalty of her "son" was merely nominal. There was a "great general of the crown," who disposed of all the brevets in the army, much more powerful than the great Constables had ever been in France. The noblemen were all-powerful; Frederic II. and Catherine of Russia had their partisans, and their ambassadors kept the king in constant awe. Madame Geoffrin had left Paris in June, 1766; she left Poland in September of the same year. It may be inferred that Poland and perhaps the king had disappointed her.

Her parting letters are cold; nobody knows, as yet, not even any member of the Poniatowski family, what came between the "mamma" and the crowned "son." Madame Geoffrin preserved a discreet silence, she never complained of the King of Poland, she continued her correspondence with him, but it became formal, and "your majesty" was now visible in every letter. The moralist can easily understand that a clever "bourgeoise" of Paris, spoiled by the conversation of the cleverest men of her time, could not like the chains of a semi-Asiatic court. "Gratter le Russe et vous trouvez le Cosaque," says a French proverb, which probably can be applied to many Poles.

Madame Geoffrin had more pride than Stanislas-Auguste. When the first partition of the kingdom took place in 1772, he resigned himself, while she told him to abdicate. He was contented with a nominal royalty, and took a childish interest in works of art, pictures, statues; his heart was always in Paris. He told Madame Geoffrin to send him Diderot to console him in his misfortunes. Madame Geoffrin did not encourage him. "Diderot," she wrote him, "is a good and honest man, but he has such a *mauvaise tête*, he is so badly organized, that he never sees what he sees, he never hears what he hears exactly; he is like a man in a dream. Who believes in the reality of his dream? It is not so with Grimm, who is wise, who sees well, who has much *esprit*." She sent him Grimm in 1774. Her letters became rare from that time; she was becoming old and sick, and she died in 1777. She had enjoyed for fifty years a sort of intellectual power which was more solid than the power of Stanislas-Auguste. It is impossible to read the volume of correspondence just published without seeing her real superiority to her royal correspondent. Stanislas-Auguste did not fall with Poland, he waited too long, and at the second partition he was thrown away with contempt. Madame Geoffrin died, so to speak, on the throne.

If she has left no great literary work, not even a correspondence worthy to be compared with the letters of a Sévigné or of a Madame Du Deffant, she will always, in the literary history of France, hold a respectable place among the great men whom she helped with her great fortune, with her excellent advice, with her faithful friendship; she is worthy of respect for her unimpeachable morality in a corrupt age, and for her genuine love and admiration for intellectual greatness.

Correspondence.

THE DUTY OF PREACHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few words only as to the propriety of clergymen's writing for papers conducted by scoundrelly publishers. I cannot say with Dr. Bacon that I sell my articles in the market and write for pay. I am sometimes paid, oftener not.

Do you insist that when the opportunity is offered to a clergyman to speak, as he supposes, important truth to many thousand readers, he should refuse because another man in and by the same sheet is propagating lies and perpetrating frauds and swindles?

I have been wont to preach for years in a theatre, sometimes all a-week with Saturday's vulgarity. Was I wrong?

I preach summer after summer in a park owned by a generous man whose morals I disapprove, and whose example, in some respects, I deplore. Am I wrong?

I know of no newspaper or other periodical that does not at times shock me. Shall I cease writing wholly?

I know of no church or meeting-house from which evil influences do not at times exhale. Shall I cease preaching?

I pray you reconsider your incisive and, to me, painful condemnations of the clergymen who write for papers of questionable reputation. My own sense of duty leads me to offer my words where they seem to be most needed. Accordingly, I send this to the *Nation*. THOS. K. BEECHER.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

[This obfuscation of the clerical mind on questions of morals which used to be considered plain is an alarming sign of the times. If Mr. Beecher's preaching in the theatre has helped to draw audiences for vicious and vulgar plays, of course he was "wrong." If his preaching in the generous but immoral man's park stimulates his immorality, and aids its gratification, and increases the influence of his example, of course Mr. Beecher is wrong. Whether Mr. Beecher ought to cease preaching or writing is a matter on which we cannot,

with our present light, offer an opinion; but we think if he keeps on, his head ought to be cleared on certain fundamental questions. We must also pronounce the notion that the importance of any one man's preaching is so great and its influence likely to be so beneficial that any opportunity of preaching ought to be seized, no matter what the circumstances or conditions, a most absurd and immoral doctrine, hatched in a conceit which is quite out of date. The first duty of all of us is to live rightly and to avoid giving direct aid or countenance to rascality; preaching comes afterwards, but is not always an imperative duty. If a man cannot find a good place to preach in, silence is a lawful and honorable resource.—ED. NATION.]

PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE ON CURRENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR : I beg to express my strong sense of the great obligations under which I am placed towards you by your kind notice in your number of December 30 of my little book on 'Currency and Banking,' and more especially by your criticisms on a portion of its contents. It is hard for me to express in words the value which I attach to any comments on my statements on these subjects which proceed from high intelligence and a sincere desire of discovering the truth. I court this in every way; and I hope I am not deceiving myself when I add that I feel the most perfect readiness to modify or abandon any opinion shown to be erroneous.

But here I must ask for your indulgence to allow me to advance a claim which you suppose I do not make. Do not charge me with conceit when I say that I did intend my book to be strictly "a scientific treatise." If it is not, then I do not know what other book is in this region. I have studied these matters for years; it has been my most eager desire to search out every element of the subject, to face it, and to pronounce upon it, whether rightly or wrongly. If I have omitted any fundamental point, pray inform me of it, and I will thank you sincerely for the instruction; and, on the side of the matter given, will you forgive me for asking whether the radical questions, What is banking? what is a bank? have been looked in the face more fully and have received more essentially scientific treatment than in the work which you have been so good as to notice?

You describe my "creed as that of the extreme orthodox English school, from which I do not tolerate the slightest dissent." That is perfectly true in respect of the convertibility of the bank-note by specie payment—only for the word "extreme" you might almost have substituted the expression "universal." There are few Englishmen who advocate inconvertible notes for which coin cannot be procured on demand. But pray do not imagine that in these matters of currency, and especially of banking, I am regarded by English authorities as an orthodox person. There are few writers on banking who are looked upon by the oracles of the money-market and the writers of City articles as more hopelessly heterodox. This reputation does not disturb me. I have given the most complete and the most careful explanations of the positions I take up which were in my power, and no one answers me, though my writings have appeared in not a few of the leading periodicals of England as well as in the public press. I am pronounced unsound and heterodox, and the wise ones pass by me as one crushed by the awful shaking of their heads. Be it so; only I will pretend to be right till I am shown to be wrong. But what I here say must not be understood as applying in any way to America. In your country I feel that I have always had a fair field. The sting of my heresy, which wounds so sharply the great ones of banking in England, has no play in the United States. The trade of your great country, in its relations to banking, is not delivered over, to its endless injury, to the supreme discovery of banking genius that the charges for interest to be paid by merchants on discount must be governed by the Bank of England having a million or two of more or less gold in its reserve. No American journal or writer, as far as I am aware, lays down the movements of gold in the till of a single bank as the scientific principle that rules the rate of interest. You have not reached that point yet, and I hope you never may. If you feel any interest in the discussion, will you allow me to refer you to letters which I wrote to the *Daily News* on the 2d, 17th, 27th, and 31st of last December?

I hope I am not guilty of "that forgetfulness of the fact that bank-notes and bank deposits are in all essential particulars the very same in their nature and effects which seems to affect the economists and legislators of all countries." I fully accept the assertion in respect of the ordinary issues of private banks. It is as you say: these notes and the deposits are debts

alike. They have incidents each of their own; but those are only details not affecting their essence. Deposits differ from one another in many particulars; some are much more exposed to the danger of being suddenly demanded, others, like many accounts at the Bank of England, may be reckoned upon as likely to remain undisturbed for long periods of time. So with the issues of private banks of undiminished credit: a large portion of them is permanently needed by the community, and will remain out in circulation if the issuer's credit receives no shock. But in both cases these notes and deposits are debts due on demand.

But the case is wholly different with the bank-notes which circulate under the name of the Bank of England, and which are those of which I chiefly spoke in reference to England. They are entirely different in nature from deposits. They are exposed to no danger, to no uncertainties, to no thought or watchfulness in dealing with them. They scarcely fall under banking. For all the issue of our fifteen millions, there is gold in the Issue Department, given for these notes by the public, and to be had for the asking; for the fifteen millions gold is not actually stored, but the Bank is required to invest these fifteen millions in Government securities. The notes then are made perfectly safe, and there is not the remotest chance of a single one of these notes being presented for payment, except in the event of an invasion or of civil war. Every feeling, therefore, associated with deposits is absent from the notes of the Bank of England.

But I am sorry to say that I cannot agree with you in holding that bank deposits ever circulate or constitute any part of the currency of a nation, unless you comprise under the term currency every form of the tool of exchange. In that case, all the items in the debts set down on the books of every shopkeeper become currency, as also the slips of paper on which insurance brokers bind themselves, and even the words uttered by the lips which effect so many commercial transactions. Under such a definition, the word currency would acquire a vagueness which would destroy its value for scientific and practical purposes alike. It is true that I have not brought out in express terms that "a banker can increase the volume of the currency by writing figures in his depositors' pass-books in precisely the same way as if he could issue notes at pleasure," because I do not think that there is any currency in such writing, and because I have given the significance of both acts in other words. By handing over notes and by placing figures to the credit of his customer's account, the banker does the same thing; he bestows means of buying, he enables his borrower to buy. But in saying this, I "overlook no important class of cases in which artificial debts are created by the simple exchange of evidence of indebtedness between two parties." There is nothing artificial in these acts. In both alike the banker says: Go and buy, and I will pay. That the borrower borrows in order to buy is shown by your own illustration—"he goes forth and purchases a piece of property." But how does the banker mean to pay? with what resources? Clearly with what his depositors placed in his hands, or the public who hold his notes. The public and the depositor get these means by selling goods; there is no other possible way. If the banker chooses to tell another man to buy goods, and he—the banker—will pay for them before he is put in funds by a depositor or the public, then of course he performs an artificial act, and by so doing may place himself in insolvency.

But legitimate banking does not increase the price of property. A bank is only an instrument of exchange, like a sovereign, and the use of a sovereign adds to the price of nothing. But illegitimate banking may easily raise prices. If a banker bids a customer buy goods which he, the banker, does not possess the means to pay for, the banker performs an act of speculation, and all speculators may raise prices by purchasing what the market will not take off their hands except at a loss. The banking I spoke of was sound, good banking, which transfers means of buying derived from a seller to a man who wants to borrow in order to buy; but banking that makes no reference to wealth placed at its disposal by depositors, but simply authorizes purchases, without any reference to the means which banking by its very nature obtains from others, is not banking, but speculation without means, carried on by two persons acting in concert.

With your permission, I will endeavor to explain in a second letter the question of suspensions.

BONAMY PRICE.

OXFORD, January 14, 1876.

Notes.

HARPER & BROS. have in press an Homeric Dictionary for the use of schools and colleges. It will be based on Autenrieth's, and will be edited by Robert P. Keep, Ph.D., late U. S. Consul at Athens. With a

view to giving a correct idea of ancient costume, armor, navigation, sacrifice, etc., a number of illustrations of Grecian antiquities will be inserted in the text. The dictionary, though filling about 300 pages, will be of a size convenient for carrying in the breast-pocket.—J. B. Parker, Hanover, New Hampshire, has published in pamphlet form the very interesting address delivered at the last Dartmouth Commencement by Nathan Crosby. It is entitled 'The First Half-Century of Dartmouth College: being Historical Collections and Personal Reminiscences.' Nothing in the history of education in this country is more romantic than the foundation of Dr. Wheelock's missionary school in the wilderness, and no incident was of more vital consequence to the cause of education than the famous "case" which decided the inviolability of Dartmouth's charter. Pending the decision, Mr. Crosby was a student at Dartmouth, and his reminiscences of the exciting days of the "college" and "university" duality are highly graphic.—The pamphlet report of the 'Centennial Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery, etc.,' is chiefly remarkable for the list of members since its organization, which is given in the appendix. Drs. Benjamin Rush and Benjamin Franklin were among its presidents, and its honorary membership included the names of Granville Sharp, Thomas Clarkson, William Wilberforce, Lafayette, William Pitt, the Abbé Raynal, John Jay, Noah Webster, Samuel Hopkins, Moses Brown, Elias Boudinot, Ezra Stiles, Samuel Dexter, etc., etc. Many of these American celebrities were officers of similar societies in the neighboring States, and the eminent English and French philanthropists and statesmen doubtless regarded the honor as not an empty one.—The twenty-second annual report of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin shows the usual solid progress. The library now numbers about 32,000 volumes and as many pamphlets: there are 2,467 newspaper volumes alone. A particular account is given of the way in which the recently-acquired Perkins collection of prehistoric Wisconsin antiquities was amassed. Among the miscellaneous "additions to the cabinet" we remark "a set of cards of the three-card monte game, by which a passenger on the Union Pacific Railroad lost \$1,500"!—Hurd & Houghton announce 'Glen Ridge Orchids,' a manual of the culture of orchidaceous plants, by Edward Sprague Rand, jr.—The Women's Centennial Executive Committee of Philadelphia is endeavoring to obtain information concerning the various forms of religious, philanthropic, and patriotic work organized or conducted by women in America and in foreign countries. A printed report will be the result. Brief accounts may be forwarded to Mrs. Aubrey H. Smith, 903 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.—The heirs of the late L. Rosenthal, whose famous library of Hebraica and Judaica ranks next after the Bodleian of Oxford and that of the British Museum (see the *Nation*, Vol. XX., p. 275), have resolved to dispose of it *en bloc* on condition that it shall always be kept together and shall bear the collector's name. Mr. M. Roest, Amsterdam, the accomplished bibliographer of this library, is charged with the negotiations for the sale of it.

—We are glad to learn that steps have been taken by some of the alumni of the Boston Public Latin School residing in this city to raise a memorial fund in honor of the late Dr. Francis Gardner. The application of it will, if the responses are sufficiently liberal, probably be towards founding a scholarship at Harvard in aid of deserving Latin-School graduates. All of Dr. Gardner's pupils (whether recent or of long standing) who desire to contribute to this object, are requested to send their addresses to Edward B. Dickinson, Secretary, 206 Broadway.

—The Society of Painters in Water-Colors opened on Monday, at the Academy, their ninth and best exhibition. A number of paintings showed unusual effort and novel dimensions, being intended for future use at the Centennial. Messrs. Coleman, Tiffany, Richards, Smillie, Nicoll, La Farge, and Magrath have particularly distinguished themselves. Many pictures were sold at the private view, even resold among the purchasers themselves at an advance, and the most gratifying evidences of public support were offered in every kind.

—Five numbers of the *American Architect and Building News* have now appeared (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.), and these show that the enterprise is in good hands, and that the profession is to be congratulated on having so respectable and well-conducted an organ. In its general appearance it resembles the London journals of the same class. Each number is accompanied by two full sheets (four pages) of heliotype reproductions, partly of original designs by American architects and partly of selections from foreign work—the subjects in the latter case being often drawn from architects' note-books. Thus far, these reproductions have been only of line-drawings, but we hope that occasionally the publishers will show what can be done with their process from nature, especially in giving interior

effects. This has been tried to some extent, and with good success, in the *Sketch-books* which preceded the *Architect*, and which, we imagine, can hardly escape being now merged in it. The editorial matter of the new journal has seemed to our lay judgment sensible and intelligent, and the selections, both of topics for comment and of professional news, such as to interest not merely architects but also the general reader. The fourth number, especially, is full of instruction to building committees. It gives an abstract of a projected tract on competitions, showing their advantages and their necessary and needless disadvantages, and when competitions are likely to be useful, and when they are certain to be disappointing. It is a tract which, for the sake of a higher architecture and the *carrière ouverte aux talens*, ought to be speedily completed and widely distributed; nor is it the only tract which is required to place architects in true relations to their clients, and to make their profession seem to have the same excuse for being that the lawyer's and the doctor's professions have.

—One sees on entering the New York office of Wells, Fargo & Co. a huge map of the United States, painted roughly on one of the side walls, and showing at a glance the railroad system of the continent. The example deserves to be imitated by our railway companies in their stations, where it ought to be a canon of the mural decoration that the geography of the road and its branches should be clearly spread out for the benefit of travellers. Tourists in France will readily recall instances of such treatment in the great depots of Paris. We learn from the last *Polybiblion* that the subject was lately brought before the Paris Geographical Society in a communication from the French consul at Rio. He called attention to the fact that the Brazilian Government obliges railroad companies to post in their stations certain geographical particulars concerning the locality, the province, and the whole territory of the empire. It appears that the Geographical Society of Lyons had already taken the initiative in a similar movement for France, with a view, however, to voluntary action on the part of the companies. We wish the American Geographical Society might bestow a little energy in the same direction over here, where large and costly stations are constantly going up. The architects themselves could do much if they would only take the idea to heart.

—Mr. Spofford's annual report on the condition of the Library of Congress possesses unusual interest. The total number of bound volumes is 293,507 (exclusive of bound pamphlets), and the annual rate of increase is from 16,000 to 18,000 volumes, about half of which are derived from the working of the copyright law. As many as 2,315 pamphlets were thought worth copyrighting in the thirteen months ending Dec. 31, 1875. In the same period the cash receipts from copyright were \$13,151 50. This department of the library, if no other, will soon have to be housed elsewhere. As for ordinary book-room, it was long ago exhausted, and when books had been placed in double rows on the shelves the fresh accumulations had to be piled upon the floor. Mr. Spofford once more asserts the pressing need of a library building apart from the Capitol, fire-proof, and capable of indefinite extension. Until that is provided, the riches of our national collection will never be available. Mr. Spofford instances the vast store of unbound maps and charts, and of bound but unshelved periodicals, as being inaccessible for practical use. He shows that a library of Congress, properly so-called, could be left on the spot whenever the main body was removed; and he might have added that the means of annihilating space and time are now such that a book could be almost as readily procured a mile off as within the walls of the Capitol. The cataloguing force of the Library has been employed on the new general catalogue to be issued this year, and now passing through the press, and also on a complete index to the documents, debates, and laws of Congress. In this latter work they were partly anticipated by the Boston Public Library, which had made an approximately full index to the documents alone. Mr. Spofford recommends the adoption of this as a basis to a more complete index, and that it should be published not separately but as a part of the more comprehensive scheme, which, with proper clerical aid, can be finished in two years. The publication of selections from the French archives relating to the discoveries and explorations made in our Northwestern Territory from 1614 to 1752 has been begun. They will fill six octavo volumes of six hundred pages each.

—The *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* for January 1 (F. W. Christern) gives a number containing three hundred pages and one hundred pictures, all devoted to Michael Angelo. The best article is one by M. Guillaume, a professor of sculpture at the École des Beaux-Arts, on "Michael Angelo's Statues." There is point as well as novelty in his observation that the great sculptor reinforced his carved work with resources borrowed from his knowledge of painting. The unfinished parts of the Medici statues, for instance, improve the whole in feeling. "We should think of these *impastos*

not as a superfluity, but as a sort of condiment strengthening the mass, substitutions for black cavities that would have been too large, and as acting for the sculptor like backgrounds for the painter." "The body of Christ (in the St. Peter's Pietà) sinks by its heaviness into the draperies of the Virgin, and takes an appearance of bas-relief which is of the highest art."—The new French journal, *L'Art*, may now be had of Mr. Bouton, in the three bound volumes which cover the past year for little more than two-thirds of the subscription price. It is perhaps an improvement on the *Gazette* in audacity and critical independence; the rival journals might be defined as of the Ingres and anti-Ingres parties. Certain faults of opinion are patent, and it is not exempt from padding, but the owner of a year's numbers finds himself possessed of a mass of curious and live criticism and a fine collection of etchings—pictures which the large page of 13 by 18 inches enables to interpret most capably the paintings from which they are copied.—The *Portfolio* for January (same publisher) gives for a new year's present a frontispiece copied from Raphael's "St. Catherine," in an etching by Le Rat; the style is in the austere hard-lined manner of Marc Antonio—a most appropriate treatment, and thoroughly able.

—We have in previous years referred to the efforts making to place the medical corps more nearly on an equality, as regards rank and pay, with the other branches of the army, and we regret to find that they have not yet succeeded. Congress, indeed, authorized examinations to be held for the junior assistant-surgeons, but, at the same time, abolished one-sixth of the surgeoncies, thus leaving those actually in service so much the worse off, and entirely failed to provide any higher grade than that of major. A memorandum that we have received shows that Congress is now asked to allow the four senior surgeons to rank as colonels, and the next eight as lieutenant-colonels. These seem little things, and less, not more, than justice. Among others, the paper makes these statements, which, we believe, cannot be gainsaid:

"The duties of a medical officer require for their proper discharge as much intellect and culture as those of any other branch of the service. And it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the officers of that corps, as a body, have for many years past been recognized, both in the army and out, at home and abroad, as men who, in character, education, and scientific attainments, are in every way the peers of their brother officers, with whom they have shared the fatigues of every march and the perils of every battle." "The inducements to engage in private practice are the prospect of increased income and reputation with advancing years. In the army these are represented by rank, not only because increased rank carries with it an increase of emolument, but also because to the army officer rank is well and properly understood to enhance the dignity of the person holding it, as well as the respect in which he is held by his compeers and subordinates." "If it is to be understood that these advantages are to be perpetually denied, it is vain to expect that medical men of talent will be willing hereafter to devote their lives to the arduous and unrequited duties of the medical corps."

The medical officers, as such, are powerless to influence directly the legislation that is necessary to meliorate their condition. They can create no lobby, and there is no ring to profit by the enactment. But we can commend their appeal to the sympathy and interest of good citizens, whether physicians or others.

—That the persistent reader of novels has often to look to foreign lands for supplies to keep himself occupied is a well-known fact. This has certainly been the habit with us Americans, while the Germans have given even more marked example of what may be called free-trade in fiction, for they have translated almost every novel from almost every language as soon as it has appeared. France and England, having a good supply of domestic manufacture, have preyed less upon their neighbors. Recently, however, the French have shown a slight modification of their former exclusiveness, and, to take the most prominent instance, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has helped itself largely from outside sources, and a good many American authors within the last two or three years have had an opportunity to improve their French by translating their own stories from the classic pages of the *Revue* into their own more or less classical English or American. The number for Dec. 15 shows the existence of this interest in foreign literature, for it contains an article on Thomas Hardy's 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' and another on the novels of M. Sacher-Masoch. What is said on Mr. Hardy's story is very good, and the article is a capital example of the excellence of French literary handiwork, but it may be worth while to utter a word of warning against the praise given to Sacher-Masoch, while at the same time we express our gratitude for the information given us about his life. He was born in Galicia, in Little Russia, in the year 1836, and as a child he saw many of the horrors of the Polish insurrections of 1846 and 1848, which he afterwards made the subject of some of his stories. At first, while a professor at Grätz, he wrote short tales and plays with moderate success, but afterwards, when he devoted himself more exclusively to writ-

ing about the peculiarities of life in Little Russia, he became better known. Some of the best of his sketches have appeared in the *Revue* within the last three or four years. He is an open imitator of Turgenev, but he is a man of far less talent than his model. He, to be sure, like Turgenev in his 'Récits d'un Chasseur,' represents himself as wandering about the country, and so collecting material for his stories, but he always keeps himself well in the foreground. Almost all of his stories are marked by the blackest pessimism, by the side of which Turgenev's melancholy is almost jovial. His principal theme is the unloveliness of love, and certainly he manages to draw it in a very unattractive way. His discovery is this: "Love is the war of the sexes; each strives to subject the other, to make it a slave, a beast of burden—for man and woman are naturally enemies." It will be seen that he is an advanced thinker, far ahead of most of his contemporaries. It may be said, by the way, that this number of the *Revue* promises the beginning of a new story by Cherbuliez in the number for January 15. It is to be called "Le Fiancé de Mlle. Saint-Maur."

—The literary activity of the year 1875 in the field of history has perhaps been most marked in the histories of special nations. The old Heeren and Ukert series (now edited by Giesebrecht) is represented by the continuation of the 'History of Sweden' (Carlson), and 'Poland' (Caro), and the commencement of a history of Greece since the extinction of ancient life, by Hertzberg; the volume published comes down to Justinian I. The series of recent histories ('Staatengeschichten der neuesten Zeit') has witnessed the second volume of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's 'Greece' (to the year 1835) and the second part of the second volume (to 1815) of Bernhardt's 'Russia,' from the year 1813; the present volume is devoted mainly to the earlier history of the country, while the first volume contains what is pronounced to be a remarkably valuable and instructive sketch of general European history since the time of Napoleon. The third volume of Pauli's 'England' since the Peace of Vienna embraces the period from 1840 to 1852. An important publication in this class is Meyer's 'Austria,' with especial reference to the history of civilization. We have also Capponi's 'Florentine History' and the conclusion of Guizot's 'France.' Of particular periods, the most noteworthy are: the conclusion of Arnold Schäfer's 'Seven Years' War,' no doubt the standard work upon this subject; the first volume (1376 to 1387) of Lindner's 'Germany in the Fifteenth Century'; Gardiner's 'England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.'; the fifth volume of Kinglake's 'Crimean War'; the second volume of Michelet's unfinished 'History of the Nineteenth Century'—a work possessing many of the author's best and most characteristic qualities; and Taine's 'Origines de la France contemporaine'—a study of the *ancien régime*; 'Der Fall des Hauses Stuart,' by Onno Klopp, is from a strongly Ultramontane point of view; two volumes have appeared, reaching to the death of Charles II.

—In ancient history, a very important treatise upon Egyptian chronology is Riel's 'Sonnen- und Siriusjahr der Ramesseiden.' The 'Records of the Past,' issued by the Society of Biblical Archaeology, furnishes students with most valuable and authentic authorities for the early periods of the Oriental nations. The 'Histoire de l'Economie Politique des Anciens Peuples,' by Da Mesnil Marigny, has reached a second edition. Two English works are instructive for special aspects of Grecian history—Lloyd's 'Time of Pericles' and Mahaffy's 'Social Life of the Greeks.' Gaston Boissier, author of 'Cicéron et ses amis' and 'La Religion Romaine,' has just published a new work, 'L'Opposition sous les Césars.' Two writers of some distinction in this field have died within the year. Bishop Thirlwall had long finished his work, but Prof. Clason of Rostock was engaged in a continuation of Schwieger's 'Roman History,' the interruption of which will be a real loss. The completion of Smith's 'Historical Atlas for Classical and Biblical Geography' is, in spite of shortcomings in some respects, an event of importance. A series of 'Epochs' for ancient history, edited by Mr. Cox, is announced. Mr. Cox himself undertakes a period of Greek and Dr. Ihne of Roman history.

—On the border-line between ancient and modern times belong Ebert's 'Geschichte der Christlich-lateinischen Literatur' (to Charles the Great), forming the first volume of a history of mediæval literature (this is pronounced a model work); the first volume of Kremer's 'Kulturgeschichte des Orients unter den Khalifen,' which has also received the very highest commendation; Coulanges's brilliant 'Institutions politiques de l'ancienne France,' an admirable but somewhat one-sided study of the origin of feudalism; Arnold's 'Ansiedlungen und Wanderungen deutscher Stämme,' an ingenious and successful attempt to extract historical knowledge from local names; and Ficker's 'Forschungen zur Reichs- und Rechtsgeschichte Italiens.' In the line of modern biography may be mentioned Stubbs's 'Dunstan,' Odillon Barrot's 'Memoirs,' Kestlin's 'Luther'—pronounced a

biography of the first rank, although rather neglecting the political side of Luther's career—and the 'Life of Lord Shelburne.' Documentary collections are represented by Böhmer's 'Regesta of Charles IV.' (1346-78), published from his remains; Ritter's 'Briefe und Acten zur Geschichte des dreissigjährigen Kriegs,' bearing upon the author's history of the German Union; Steindorff's 'Jahrbücher of Henry III.'; and, perhaps most important of all, Prof. Rogers's collection of Protests of the Lords, invaluable for the study of English constitutional history. Roscher's 'History of Political Economy in Germany' is a most important contribution to the history of civilization. Under the head of constitutional history we have some important works: the second volume of Stubbs's 'Constitutional History of England'; the second volume of Mommsen's 'Römisches Staatsrecht'; and the fifth and sixth volumes of Waitz's 'Deutsche Verfassungs-Geschichte.' Lastly, we will mention Digby's 'Introduction to the History of the Law of Real Property,' and Sir Henry Maine's 'Early History of Institutions.'

—Francis Deák, the Hungarian statesman, who died on the evening of January 28, was born of a noble Catholic family, October 17, 1803. Having studied law, he was elected by his native county, Zala, a member of the Hungarian Diet of 1832-36, at a period when the patriotic agitation of Count Széchenyi and the tragic fall of Poland had roused in the nation a lively spirit of reform. But the legal nation of Hungary then consisted only of the nobility. Gradually to transform it so as to embrace the whole people of the country, and at the same time to preserve and extend the constitutional rights which the nobility had possessed and defended for centuries, was now the task of the reformers. Among these Deák, by his eloquence, close study of constitutional law, tact, and moderation, rapidly rose to the foremost rank. Re-elected to the Diet of 1839-40, he was the leader, without a rival, in the House of Deputies, while Kossuth, released from state-prison, instituted a more radical political movement as a journalist. To the Diet of 1843-44, which opened amid stormy party conflicts, Deák was unanimously elected in Zala, but the reactionary party soon after carried a resolution instructing the two representatives of the county to vote against the taxation of nobles. Deák, the champion of this measure, refused to take his seat, and remained firm in his resolution even when the instruction had been rescinded, this having been achieved by party means of questionable fairness. The county, throughout the Diet, remained represented only by one deputy. Impaired health prevented him from accepting a seat in the Diet assembled in 1847, in which Kossuth rose to leadership. The revolution of February, 1848, made the radicals masters of the field, and Deák accepted the portfolio of justice in the Batthyányi-Kossuth cabinet. This position was offered him; in fact, by a kind of national acclamation, he being even at that early period of his career universally considered a modern Aristides—a distinction which no act of his later years ever tended to impair. When the contentions between the Slavs and Magyars and the cabinets of Vienna and Pesth finally led to open war and the virtual dictatorship of Kossuth, Deák withdrew with Batthyányi and others, and during the further course of the fatal contest only once figured publicly in a vain attempt to end it by negotiation. He lived in retirement when the independence of Hungary was proclaimed in Debreczin, and consequently remained unmolested when Russian intervention had reinstated the Hapsburgs. The following ten years he spent in great part on his country estate, from which throughout his life he drew a small income, devoting a considerable portion of it, as he never married, to objects of benevolence and public utility. Repeatedly sounded by the statesmen of Vienna as to a possibility of restoring harmony between the court and the Hungarian nation, he refused to treat on any other basis but that of re-established constitutional legality, and firmly expressed his opinion that the nation had time to wait. Solferino, in 1859, finally convinced Francis Joseph that he had little time to lose, and during the six or seven years which elapsed in negotiations, while the Hungarian Diet was opened, dissolved, reopened, and prorogued, until Sadowa forced a settlement on the dynasty, Deák, then a deputy of the city of Pesth, was the oracle of the people, of the Diet, and ultimately of the court itself. His advice was far from being ambiguous. All he had to say to both sides was, unequivocal return to legality as it existed in 1848. Beust accepted this basis, the dualism on which the Austro-Hungarian monarchy now rests was organized, and Francis Joseph was, in 1867, crowned constitutional king of Hungary. Deák declined the honor tendered him of crowning the king, as well as the task of forming a cabinet. He continued till his death a member of the Diet, counselling moderation, reform, and the total separation of church and state. As an orator he was logic personified, and has been best compared with Canning and Bright. He was plain, cheerful, and fond of good jokes and anecdotes.

Among the sketches of him is one by Laveleye, written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1898). Though historically correct, it reads like a panegyric—naturally so.

THE INFLUENCE OF INDIA ON ENGLISH OPINION.*

SIR HENRY MAINE'S lecture suggests an enquiry which must have occurred to observers of modern England: Is it not probable that the possession of India may in the long run modify the course of English opinion? Various circumstances seem to justify an affirmative answer. It is certain that the apathetic indifference to Indian affairs which has for a long period characterized the English public, is rapidly becoming a matter of the past. During the last twenty years India has begun to excite the keen interest of Englishmen. The constant publication of works like Hunter's 'Orissa'; the avidity with which such books are read; the popularity of Professor Maine's own later writings, filled as they are with references to the customs of the East; the excitement caused by the Baroda trial; the reception of Chunder Sen; the increasing frequency with which distinguished Englishmen visit England's Oriental Empire; the journey of the Prince of Wales, wearisome as are its details and unimportant as it is in itself—are all signs of the set and current of popular feeling, and prove that the "proverbial dulness attributed by Englishmen to Indian topics," of which Professor Maine so justly complains, is a reproach which will be soon undeserved. For the changed attitude of the English nation towards the affairs of the East is not the result of a mere fashion or sentiment which, arising without cause, may any day pass away without reason.

The causes which have turned the attention of Englishmen towards the East are in part at least not hard to discover. The progress of mechanical invention has, for all practical purposes, diminished the distance between Great Britain and her Eastern possessions. The abolition of the East India Company, again, was much more than a mere change in administrative arrangements. It was the opening of a new career to the whole body of educated Englishmen. It made Indian affairs and Indian customs at once a matter of interest to every energetic young gentleman in want of a career. Much may be said in praise of the limited class of persons who, under the government of the Company, practically monopolized the administration of India. With the question whether the destruction of their monopoly was expedient or not we have no concern. What needs notice here is that the Company's system of government tended to make Indian topics interesting to a special class and uninteresting to those who did not belong to this class. The destruction of this system renders Indian affairs matters of interest to a large number of Englishmen to whom they were before indifferent. It also effects another change, which has not received much notice—it transfers the government of India in a great measure to the literary class. The young men appointed to the civil service under a system of competitive examination may have great merits or great defects, and may, for aught we know, compare in sterling worth either most favorably or most unfavorably with their predecessors appointed under a system of patronage. What is, however, certain, is, that the men who owe their appointment to success in examinations will have far keener literary interests than the hard-headed Scotchmen who, at the beginning of the century, were appointed by the influence of ministers and directors. The modern Indian civil servant must be, to a certain extent, a literary man, and influenced by the literary culture and sentiment of modern England. This is a matter of considerable importance when it is taken in combination with the fact that, as Professor Maine points out, India and the East are exciting the attention of all the scholars and students of the Continent.

It should further be noted that the whole progress of Continental politics makes it probable that England will not again play, or wish to play, a leading part in the contests which may arise between the great Continental powers. But the less part she performs in the conflicts which harass the Continent, the more certain she is to turn her energies and her interest towards the East. It is further natural to suppose that the gradual settlement of the questions of internal politics which have hitherto interested the minds of Englishmen will, while it lessens the acrimony of party spirit, diminish at the same time the attraction of domestic politics, and thus turn the attention of Englishmen more and more to the sphere in which there is still a free scope for all the administrative and political talent of the nation. The mere fact, indeed, that India will almost certainly become, as each year passes on, of more and more interest to the British public, might, it would seem at first sight, lead to the extension of English ideas throughout India, but would scarcely be ground for anticipating the production of

* 'The Effects of the Observation of India on Modern European Thought. The Rede Lecture delivered before the University of Cambridge, May 22, 1875, by Sir H. Sumner Maine.' London: John Murray.

any appreciable effect through the influence of India upon England. It must, however, be remembered that one race or nation cannot affect another without itself being affected by that other's influence. England may diffuse "that bundle of influences which we call progress" from one end of India to the other, but it were vain to suppose that English opinion would not itself be affected by contact with the ideas and habits of a different kind of civilization. A very slight observation either of the men who return from India, or of the books that they write, is sufficient to show that experience of the East affects the imagination of individuals who have felt its force. Take, for example, Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity'—you can hardly pick out a writer who exhibits more strongly the vigor and the principles or prejudices of a genuine Englishman; yet his book bears on its face a fact which he does not try for a moment to conceal, that his stay in India has, we will not say modified, but certainly given a color to his opinions. If this is the effect of Indian experience on a thinker of the power and individuality of Mr. Stephen, it is not rash to assert that the same experience will, directly or indirectly, influence with tenfold greater force the large class of modern Englishmen who seem mainly distinguished by the facility with which they surrender established convictions, and adopt with easy sympathy any belief or opinion that commends itself to their sentiment or imagination. For, after all, the most substantial reason for anticipating considerable effects from the influence of India is to be found in the present condition of English opinion. The existence of unrestricted freedom of discussion, and the prevalence of the so-called historical method, combined with other causes, have for a time undermined the strength of all the fixed dogmas, beliefs, or prejudices, whether political, religious, or social, on which modern society has reposed. This chaotic state of opinion affords exactly the field in which new or strange views are certain to spread. Let the mass of educated Englishmen once realize the facts of Indian civilization, and their "way of looking at things," if not their actual opinions, is certain to undergo a revolution.

Nor is it hazardous to predict that the first though not the ultimate effect of lessons gathered from India will be to shake still further the already tottering fabric of received belief. Sir Henry Maine calls attention to the difficulty of making the dogmas of utilitarian philosophy which form the basis of English legislation, or the axioms of political economy which form the most certain part of the science of politics, square with the facts of Indian life. It may be true that the object of government "ought to be the greatest happiness of the greatest number," but the application of this principle is difficult when the sovereign and his subjects form diametrically different estimates of the nature of happiness. The principle that every one pursues his interest is again a fruitful axiom when applied to societies whose members take on the whole the same view of their individual interest; but an Englishman must find it hard to draw legitimate deductions from it when called to rule a race governed by custom rather than by habits generated by free competition, or to calculate what will be the conduct of men who think it their "interest" rather to starve than to eat food which might involve a loss of caste. Professor Maine is, we believe, perfectly right in maintaining that even the peculiarities of Indian society can, by a process of thoughtful investigation, be shown to confirm the great principles, though they may modify the minor rules, both of political economy and of scientific law; but men who are for the first time introduced to a state of society which seems inconsistent with received rules, are certain to doubt the soundness of the principles on which received beliefs depend. It should further be noticed that while the whole effect of modern European development is to increase the political power of the people and diminish the influence of individual rulers, the necessities of the case compel Englishmen to rule India in a mode which may be benevolent but is undoubtedly despotic; and it cannot be expected that administrators imbued with the principles of autocratic government should readily sympathize with the democratic spirit of modern England. India will constantly foster among Englishmen a feeling of aversion towards the very principles which are assumed as the foundation of English constitutional government.

If India is likely to influence English views of politics, she is still more likely to affect English theology. No one, of course, supposes that Englishmen will adopt the specific beliefs of their Eastern fellow-subjects, but Indian religion may for all this tell on English theology. It is possible, though perhaps not likely, that experience of India may in some cases produce strange views of Christianity. A religion which itself came from the East may wear a new aspect when brought into contact with Eastern life. It is, however, far more likely that the study of strange religions may, as its immediate effect, intensify scepticism. Indian experience certainly throws a remarkable light on some of the curious phenomena of the ancient world. No fact, for instance, seems less comprehensible to modern students

than the deification of the emperors, yet Professor Maine believes that modern India exhibits a condition of popular feeling under which such deification might easily take place. "I am persuaded," he writes, "that nothing would be easier for the British Government than to obtain that deification and worship which have seemed to some so monstrous when they were given to the Roman emperors. . . . One brave soldier and skilful statesman is remembered in India not only for his death at the head of the storming-party which had just made its way into Delhi, but for having found himself the centre of a new faith and the object of a new worship, and for having endeavored to coerce his disciples into disbelief by hearty and systematic flogging." The knowledge that an Eastern race can even in the midst of modern civilization deify a living man will, when appreciated by ordinary Englishmen, tell on their mode of considering the whole history of religious dogma. In the domain of theology, as in the domain of politics, thought and research may finally reconcile new experience with old beliefs, but the first effect of startling experiences is to encourage scepticism. When the Roman world met the East face to face, the first result was the growth of strange creeds and an alarming unsettlement of opinion. The aspect of the relation between England and India inevitably suggests analogies (possibly delusive) drawn from the history of Rome. It is at least possible that within the next century the effect of India's influence may at least teach Englishmen to understand the terror with which the noblest of the Romans looked on the spread of strange religions, and the tenacity with which ancient thinkers clung to the dogma that every state ought to cherish a special tone of belief and feeling suited to its constitution, and that a change in the fundamental sentiments of its citizens was the certain herald and minister of revolution.

RECENT NOVELS.*

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER has written a characteristic allegory, entitled 'A Dream of Italy,' as an introduction to the novel of 'Mae Madden.' His verses describe his meeting his "affinity" in Venice, and his vain pursuit of her "through the surge of the salt-flood street," but the real introduction of the book is crowded into the last lines, in which he says of the author, Mrs. or Miss Mary Murdoch Mason, that

"By the windy waters of the Michigan
She invokes the gods. . . . Be it bright or dim,
Who does his endeavor as best he can
Does bravely, indeed. The rest is with Him.
Let a new star dance in the occident
Till it shakes through the gossamer floors of God
And shines o'er Chicago. . . . The Orient
Is hoar with glories. Let Illini sod
Bear glory as well as the gleaming grain.
And engines smoking along her plain."

Miss Mae Madden had less difficulty about finding her "affinity." She went to walk one day in Rome with her brother Eric, "when they caught sight, down the pathway, of two approaching Piedmontese officers. 'Oh!' cried Mae, . . . and clasped her hands, and sprang to her feet—'Oh! Eric, are they gods or men?' The Piedmontese officer is godlike. . . . There is a combination of half-indolent elegance and sensuous languor, with a fire, a verve, a nobility that puts him at the head of masculine beauty." Mae is to be seen travelling with a party of friends and relatives, but their hold upon her is very slight, and she makes the acquaintance of the godlike officer, who finally proposes to her to share his villa on the shore of the Bay of Naples. She refuses him, however, and marries Norman Mann, her American lover, after she has disported herself in a way that French novelists and dramatists consider to be customary with all of our fellow-countrywomen. M. Alexandre Dumas may read this story, and disarm any hostile criticism of his new play by pointing to 'Mae Madden' as a novel written by an American woman about an American woman, and as probably true. Even he would find it hard to invent a bolder disregard of conventional decorum than fills this little book, of which the main characteristic is its innocent silliness.

'Owen Gwynne's Great Work' describes rather tediously the misery brought upon a family in the nineteenth century by one of its members undertaking to write a history of the fifteenth. This was the great work undertaken by Owen Gwynne, and its prosecution kept him up late and brought him down early to pore over books and write, while Mrs. Gwynne made copies and translations when they were necessary, kept up her husband's varying spirits, managed the household affairs, and sacrificed her children to her husband's chance of fame. One of these children is Lance, a promising painter in Rome, who is called back to England to take a lucrative position in a bank, and the other, a hopeless cripple, Mary by

* 'Mae Madden.' By Mary Murdoch Mason. With an Introductory Poem, by Joaquin Miller. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1876.
'Owen Gwynne's Great Work.' By the author of 'Effie's Friend,' etc. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

name, is left to lie alone on a sofa for the greater part of every day. The main point of the story is the sacrifice made by Lance from a feeling of duty; his painting he really cares for, while his clerkship is odious to him, but he plods on at his dull work until his business sends him again to Rome, when he has a great deal of idle time on his hands and takes up painting again. By a curious combination of incidents this nearly embitters the whole of his life, for Mary is left to grow more ill while all are away—Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne had gone to the Escorial to hunt up authorities for the great work—and the young woman engaged to Lance, who is anxious that he shall resume painting, suppresses a letter from his young brother calling for his return. Then we have a sight of Lance's proud and unforgiving nature, and a great gloom is cast upon the reader by a pitilessly full account of Mary's dying, which makes the book one that susceptible people would find hard to read aloud. It is written with considerable power, but there is not a ray of humor in it to brighten the heavy pall of domestic tragedies. Very cheerful people may like to read it; others will not.

'Pretty Miss Bellew' is a novel of rather light weight. The reader gets interested in the heroine and in the book in spite of the frequent and tiresome digressions and the perpetual vulgarity of a great many of the characters, but it is impossible not to regret that the writer—who sets up for a man, but who, we cannot help thinking, is a woman—had not blotted a great deal of very idle matter. Miss Bellew herself is cleverly drawn, but there is a touch of the melodrama in the mysterious, omniscient young lawyer, Bernard Clive, as well as in McKenzie, whose past was so obscure. On the other hand, the description of the family life of the Bellews bears much more surely the mark of being the result of the writer's observations than do other parts of the tale. The coldness of Bernard Clive's wooing is of a sort that often racks the readers of novels.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson has taken for the preface of her novel, 'Infelice,' those lines from Mr. Disraeli's 'Lothair' in which he brands with infamy a hard-working race of men—namely, critics—by saying that they are the men who have failed in literature and in art. This fact would seem to imply that Mrs. Wilson has already had some trouble with the reviewers of her books, but nothing in this novel shows that she has either taken warning from the failures or followed the advice of those who have noticed her previous stories. The plot of this one is somewhat as follows: Minnie Merle at the age of fifteen marries the young aristocrat, Cuthbert Laurance, the son of a wealthy planter in one of the Middle States. The father is very angry, and makes Cuthbert part from his young wife, and then poisons his mind by false reports of her faithlessness to him. In time he, imagining his first marriage illegal, marries again, choosing, or rather letting his father choose for him, a great heiress. Minnie meanwhile studies for the stage, and leaving their daughter Regina in this country, goes to Paris, and in one of the theatres of that city acts plays that nearly represent her own sufferings, and so fascinates again her husband and charms his father that the latter wants to marry her and the other is wild in love with her, although neither of them knows who she really is. Regina, after living in the South until she is fourteen years old, comes to this city at that age and lives with her guardian, Mr. Erle Palma, a lawyer, who is like an exaggerated copy of Bernard (live in 'Pretty Miss Bellew.' At this point the plot becomes very complicated, and the tender passion, with its retinue of jealousies and misunderstandings, introduces a good deal of discord into Mr. Erle Palma's palatial residence, to say nothing of his stony heart. At the end all comes out right; Minnie conquers, after a struggle, the temptation to marry her father-in-law, and for this she is rewarded by having the second Mrs. Laurance and her daughter lost at sea, while Cuthbert is rescued to take her once more to his home, and Regina marries Erle Palma. This outline reads like the dull routine of ordinary life in comparison with the ingenious inventions of some of the incidents, especially the play "Infelice," in which Minnie dramatizes her whole life and brings it out on the theatre with the scenery painted after photographs of the real places, in order to confound Cuthbert before a large Parisian audience. It is not every woman who can bring back a faithless husband in this way. As for the talk of the people, it is simply incredible. Here is a gem from the lips of a girl of this city; it outdoes even New York caricatures of conversation at the Boston Radical Club: "My dear, civilization is a huge cheat, and the Red Law of Savages in primeval night is worth all the tomes of jurisprudence, from the Pandects of Justinian to the Commentaries of Blackstone and the wisdom of Coke and Story. O halcyon days of prehistoric humanity! when, instead of bowing and smiling and chattering

gracefully with his deadliest foe, drinking his Amontillado and eating his truffles, people had the sublime satisfaction of roasting his flesh and calcining his bones for an antediluvian *déjeuner à la fourchette* (only, to escape anachronism—*sans fourchette*!) etc., etc. They all, brilliant lawyers, clergymen, women, men of the world, blackmailers—the whole band—talk in this style of airy elation. On the whole, it is high time that Mrs. Wilson should turn her attention to writing criticism. She might continue quoting bits of poetry at the end of savage notices, like music at the touching or alarming scenes in a melodrama, as she does in the most thrilling chapters of her novel.

'The Loves of a Lawyer' is a frank bit of autobiography which narrates some of the romantic chapters in the life of a lawyer who was so fatally attractive as to have two young women in love with him at once. They are both jealous, and have the fascinating habit of confessing their jealousy to him. He becomes engaged to one, and the other tells him how much she had herself loved him, and so on monotonously. The sub-title of the book is 'His Quandary, and how it came out.' The quandary was which of the two should he marry. He chose Laura, and their married life "became literally a reciprocity of idolatry." But soon Laura died, and then Lawyer Sam married the other. The only alternative would seem to have been the divorce of Laura. If anything could add to the fatuous silliness of the book it would be the fact that the whole story is represented as being told by the hero to a stranger whom he meets when travelling by rail. The grammar is like the taste displayed in the story. Almost every page is adorned with such gems as "between the Deacon and I," "Is he or I right?" etc., etc.

To say of 'The Bertram Family' that it is by the author of 'Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family' makes unnecessary any description or criticism of its contents. It shows all the qualities, especially the simplicity and gentle religious tone, which marked its well-known predecessor, and those who liked that will surely read with pleasure this peaceful tale.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon is an industrious writer who is supposed to have succeeded to some part of the late Charles Dickens's skill in drawing charming characters in the humbler ranks of life, and in investing everything he touches with a sort of winning geniality. How this notion arose it is easy to see from reading 'An Island Pearl,' in which our old friend the tarry, bearded, and honest sailor is robbed of the girl he loves by the pale-faced, beardless money-lender, who, when embarrassed, "gave his body such a remarkable screw that it appeared . . . as though all in one moment he was buttoning himself up from top to toe." This imitator of Uriah Heep manages to do a good deal of mischief; but he comes to a bad end, while the other characters, after straying into one of Jules Verne's maritime stories, return to England and the old-fashioned observance of Christmas day.

'Ralph and Bruno,' although by no means a remarkable novel, is yet somewhat superior to the great mass of those that are offered the reader. It is marked by a certain wise condensation which is agreeable, and the story, although a trifle tedious, is well told. The two heroes, whose names give the title to the book, were cousins, one of whom was educated in England and the other in France. The Englishman is heir to large estates and the Frenchman has to work for a living, and his spare hours he devotes to instructing workmen. Bruno, the Frenchman, marries a heartless girl with a pretty face, and is shot by the Versailles soldiers for being a Communist. Another character, Hervé, is first shot by the Communists for being a priest, so that there is some monotony in the way the end of the book is reached. It turns out after all that the suspicions of the reader, which are aroused at almost the beginning of the book, are justified, and that Ralph is Bruno and Bruno Ralph, so that this somewhat complicated story becomes even more complicated. It will be found readable.

It would be hard to find a more unequal writer in her limited field than Miss Braddon, who acquired a certain amount of contemporary fame with 'Aurora Floyd,' and has since written as poor novels as any unknown and speedily-forgotten beginner at the art or trade. Her 'Hostages to Fortune' is one of her successes. It tells the story of an easy-going, self-indulgent London *littérateur* who, tired by his work and his social duties, flies for rest to a distant spot in Wales, where he falls in love with a very charming country girl. Although he had already decided the question of mar-

'The Loves of a Lawyer; His Quandary, and How it Came Out. By Andrew Shuman.' Chicago: W. B. Keen, Cooke & Co. 1875.

'The Bertram Family. By the author of 'Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family.' New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

'An Island Pearl. By B. L. Farjeon, author of 'Bread and Cheese and Kisses,' etc.' New York: Harper & Bros. 1875.

'Ralph and Bruno. By M. Bramston.' New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

'Hostages to Fortune: A Story. By Miss M. E. Braddon, author of 'Aurora Floyd,' 'Lost for Love,' etc., etc.' New York: Harper & Bros. 1875.

'Pretty Miss Bellew: A Tale of Home Life. By Theo. Gift.' Leisure-Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1875.

'Infelice: A Novel. By Augusta Evans Wilson, author of 'Beulah.' New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1875.

riage in the abstract unfavorably, he was led to break his resolution, and he married her and brought her to London. There he fitted up a house for her in a very extravagant manner, and wasted his hard-earned substance in little dinners, old china, etc., until bankruptcy stared him in the face. The wicked people are a Mrs. Brandreth, an actress, who had formerly been engaged to him but had thrown him over to make a better match, and who, being now a widow, is anxious to marry him, but who becomes a fury on account of her scorned love, and the other is a wealthy pursuer of pleasure who falls in love with his wife. These two come to bad ends; the wicked voluptuary dies of heart-disease and the actress is attacked by softening of the brain, while the man of letters resumes domestic life in Wales, well out of the way of the dangers of the metropolis. Is it satire on Miss Braddon's part that causes her to represent her hero as nothing but an adapter of French and German plays?

In comparison with the foregoing, a story like *Wilhelmine von Hillern's* 'Geier-Wally' stands out as a masterly production. This author had already written novels of the usual kind, in which a tepid imitation of life was made to do duty, and her stories bore great resemblance to hosts of others which are as tiresomely alike as if they were made by machinery. In this one, however, she has struck a vein of originality and poetry which is as rare in current works of fiction as it is delightful. It would be very unfair to her to condense in a meagre sketch the problem which forms the plot. It is only justice, however, to call attention to the admirable way in which the heroine's bold, independent character is drawn, and to the unceasing vigor of the narrative. The translation has been carefully done.

It is necessary to speak in cooler terms of 'The Chevalier Casse-Cou,' by Fortuné du Boisgobey. This is a story filled with every ingenious device to alarm the reader, who meanwhile knows that when everything is apparently in the most despairing state he can feel most sure of the hero's safety. It is the calm, peaceful novels that contain the really harrowing incidents. The publisher has kindly prefixed an announcement, to serve as a preface, in which attention is called to the various beauties of the book. "Graphic are the pictures," he tells us, "of 'Frascati's' with its crowd of gamblers and of courtesans," and of "Maitre Allanic, a striking type of a Breton gentleman of an expiring school." We are further told that "the translation has been committed by the publisher into the hands of a well-known gentleman of established literary reputation, whose long residence in France has rendered him familiar with the language of that country. His aim has been to preserve the literal spirit of the original, so that at times, should sentences appear harsh and phrases obscure, these presumptive imperfections are to be attributed to an earnest desire to present to the American reader a reproduction of the tone, temper, and style of the author in corresponding language." We have not the French original by us, so that we cannot compare it with the translation, but it would seem as if the literary gentleman had stayed so long in France that he had forgotten his English. There are many "presumptive imperfections," as, for instance, p. 243, "Cambremer distrusted not to bring an elucidation forthwith from this erudite man, who regarded explanation of the living tongues of the East mere boys' play"; p. 217, "One would have been tempted believing her to have recited a lesson"; p. 73, "I beg pardon, sir, to derange you so early"; p. 23, "The unknown lady was laying on the floor"; p. 24, "My diagnostic"; p. 149, "'Pierre, taste that!' interrupted the housewife, placing on the table a smoking dish. 'It embalms,' quoth Morillon, attacking the corned pork." The publisher's apology does not cover imperfections like these nor disarm hostile criticism; nothing but a large bribe could do that.

If the wild plot of 'Off the Rolls' could have been omitted, the novel would have been much improved, or—should this statement seem paradoxical—if the rather ingeniously-drawn characters had been put in less artificial circumstances, the reader might have been more pleased. Mrs. King knows something about army life, and she has a tolerable knack at representing a flirtation or even more serious love-making, but she gets out of her depth when she tries her hand at severer work.

'Brought Home,' by Hesba Stretton, is really nothing more than a sensational tract about a clergyman's wife who becomes a drunkard, so that her husband has to take her from England on account of her disgraceful conduct. On the voyage to New Zealand she learns to resist temptation, and she becomes a useful citizen of that distant colony.

'Geier-Wally: A Tale of the Tyrol. By Wilhelmine von Hillern.' New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

'The Chevalier Casse-Cou. By Fortuné du Boisgobey. Part I. The Red Camellia. Translated from the French original, by Thomas Pierson.' New York: Robert M. De Witt. 1876.

'Off the Rolls. By Katharine King.' New York: Harper & Bros. 1876.

'Brought Home. By Hesba Stretton.' New York: Dodd & Mead. 1875.

Round my House. Notes of Rural Life in France in Peace and War. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. (London: Seeley, Jackson & Halliday. 1876.)—Mr. Hamerton is a surprisingly productive writer, but he is a very entertaining one; and to those who retain a friendly memory of his 'Painter's Camp' it will not seem that he has exhausted his welcome. He is capable of talking agreeably and philosophically about an extraordinary variety of topics, and if he is sometimes frank to confidingness on the subject of his domestic and personal affairs, he is so sympathetic and good-humored that one never thinks of calling the tendency by so harsh a name as egotism. He inspires his reader with a sort of personal regard. In the volume before us his personal affairs are the admitted text of his discourse. He proposes to relate what sort of a time he and his wife have had of it in attempting to live in a small French provincial town. They appear to have had a very comfortable time, and the story makes a very pleasant book. He begins it at the beginning, and enumerates the reasons why he determined to take up his abode in France—the need for mild winters and yet for a climate that made a summer residence possible, subjects for a landscape painter, moderate prices, etc. He describes various houses, in different provinces, which he did not take; but he finally found the desired advantages in a town which he does not designate by name, but which, from his description, we suppose to be Autun, near Macon, in Burgundy. Under the somewhat unduly trivial title which he has affixed to his book he gives an account of his neighbors and their manners and customs. His criticism is decidedly shrewd, but it is on the whole very friendly, though it fails to eradicate the impression with which most readers will take up the book, that "rural life in France" is but a dreary affair for the natives, and that for a foreigner to thrive upon it he must possess an exceptional store of domestic resources. This indeed appears to be Mr. Hamerton's case; it is evident that between painting and etching, editing, camping, writing, and boating, he is too well occupied a man to find time to be bored. He has very little that is disagreeable to say of anything or any one. He confirms a great many of the usual notions about French life—the thrift, frugality, love of "order," etc.; at other points, as with regard to the rigidity of class-differences, the pervasiveness of gallantry, etc., he is at variance with them. He found his neighbors at first very "inhospitable" in the English sense of the term, and it does not appear that even with the lapse of time they earned a reversal of judgment. It is a community in which, according to Mr. Hamerton, an invitation to dinner is not lightly given. And yet this reserve is not generally owing to small means, for the author gives an even brilliant picture of the state of fortune of the people about him. He has also some felicitous remarks about the difference between the French and English ways of estimating wealth. "In France, the idea of wealth begins with the first savings, and you meet with such a phrase as, *Il est riche de mille francs de rente*. . . . The Frenchman has greatly the advantage in the mental enjoyment of a moderate fortune. I had an English friend who, with £900 a year of his own and £600 a year with his wife, constantly talked of his poverty; whereas a Frenchman would have compared his £1,500 a year with nothing, and felt himself as rich as a little Rothschild." Mr. Hamerton relates a number of striking cases of French thrift, of the native talent for laying by money under any circumstances whatever, and of people with considerable incomes derived from property—\$2,500, etc.—drudging as teachers and small clerks for the sake of the extra resource of a beggarly salary. The importance of noble birth in France, Mr. Hamerton thinks, cannot be exaggerated; it matters far more than in England what a man's name is. The *de*, misappropriated, purloined, dishonored as it has been, is still of the highest value—and hardly less, odd as it may seem, when it has been usurped than when it is rightfully worn. The only point is that it shall have been accepted. If a family have smuggled it into their name only ten years back, it has very much the same practical value as an approved pedigree. For a young man who possesses it, it is quite fortune enough; whatever may be his personal qualities, it will make it easy for him to marry a fat dowry.

Mr. Hamerton has some entertaining pages upon French servants, whom he thinks the best and most sympathetic in the world when they are treated with frankness and geniality. So in France they generally are treated, but Mr. Hamerton affirms that in certain high-pitched establishments, where it is the tone to keep the domestics at a distance, they are addressed with a curt contemptuousness much more inhuman than the English defensive reserve. He mentions a gardener of one of his friends who, falling fatally ill, sent him a message from his death-bed, having taken a fancy to him as a visitor at the house; and such conduct, he says, even in the presence of the "great hereafter," would have been impossible in an English servant. He gives a charming portrait of a certain gardener of his own, who appears to have combined, in an admirable manner, all the best French virtues

with all the best English ones, and whose acquaintance—quite apart from his services—the reader greatly envies him. Mr. Hamerton has, of course, a good deal to say about the ladies of the society under his observation, but his gallantry cannot avail to conceal the fact that he has not found them signally interesting. French provincial women are divided into the two unvarying classes of the *femmes du monde* and the *femmes d'intérieur*. The latter are housewives pure and simple, with great skill in this department, great virtue, great piety, and no culture; the others are silly and frivolous, but with nothing to contribute to a society in which men and women may meet, in the English fashion, on common ground. The young girls know absolutely about nothing but church matters and embroidery. The consequence is that the separation of the sexes is extreme; the men live in clubs and cafés, and even in drawing-rooms they form knots and groups by themselves. This is one of those curious anomalies and self-contradictions of which French civilization is so full. France has been prominently the country of great and accomplished women, the country in which the social part played by women has acquired a development unknown elsewhere, and yet a moderate degree of observation is sufficient to indicate that, on the other side, the mutual segregation just mentioned is in form, if not in spirit, almost Quakerish. Mr. Hamerton has some very cursory remarks on French matrimonial morals; he apparently considers the topic much overdone, and affirms that conjugal fidelity is just about as inveterate as it is in England. He denies that Frenchmen marry mainly for the young lady's *dol*. They never take a young girl without a portion, but they very frequently take one with a portion hardly more than nominal. Thousands of young lawyers and engineers will marry girls with portions of four thousand dollars. This cannot be called cynically mercenary. The author talks to good purpose about the peasantry, whom he has seen, closely observed, and on the whole thinks well of, desiring for them chiefly only instruction; and about the clergy, for whom, especially in their more humble functions, he has a great kindness. The French country *curé*, with his poverty, his laboriousness, his devotion, his cheerfulness, his starvation diet at home, and his privileged voracity when he is invited out to dinner, is very pleasantly sketched. Mr. Hamerton holds that a French bishop is practically one of the most exalted potentates in the world. The honors that are rendered him are infinite (he is addressed as "*Votre Grandeur*"), he is at liberty to act, civilly and ecclesiastically, exactly as he chooses, and he is altogether an immense personage. The book closes with an interesting account of the occupation of Mr. Hamerton's neighborhood by the Prussians, and of the sojourn in the town itself of Garibaldi and his heterogeneous army. The author admires the General, but not the corps. His book is all entertaining, and not the less sagacious for being very unpretentious and easy in form.

God and the Bible. By Matthew Arnold. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)—Mr. Matthew Arnold's reply to the criticism called forth by his 'Literature and Dogma' has at length appeared in a book form under the above title. For some half a year it has filled the pages of the *Contemporary*, and in that ill-chosen method of publication it seemed to lack incisiveness and condensation, but the complete volume is more attractive. The attempt to regard the Bible in the spirit in which it was written, and thus to so illuminate its contents that the overlying errors and dogmas shall fade in the light of the great truths disclosed, is one with which the plain man, to whom Mr. Arnold appeals, will heartily sympathize. All the beauty of style, the fine irony, the delicate taste, that his readers know of old they will find here, with a careful avoidance of the harshness that sometimes annoyed in 'Literature and Dogma.' Occasionally some word or phrase like "vigor and rigor" will catch his ear and be repeated something too often. Sometimes directness attracts him more than sweetness, as, for instance, when, in speaking of John xvi. 27, he says, "We need hardly say that here the Tübingen professors smell *Tendenz*, and affirm that a piece of Greek Gnosticism must have got thrust into the Gospel of the old Jewish Evangelist"; but in general the mellow ripeness of his culture is very pleasantly apparent. Even his opponents will appreciate his defence of the much-abused Fourth Gospel, and find many a rich suggestion in his rearrangement of the sayings of Jesus. That opponents there would be, Mr. Arnold naturally anticipated. An attempt to reconstruct the Bible with miracle and dogma discarded could not hope to obtain the support of the conservative churchman. Declaring the idea of an Infinite Immutable Essence, underlying all the changing phenomena of life, to be an unintelligible abstraction of the metaphysician, he could not expect the support of idealists of any school. Styling it "surely ridiculous" to treat God as unknowable, he places himself in point-blank opposition to the school of

Spencer and Fiske, which takes that unknowable as its basis; and the only other prominent division of thinkers, the English Positivists, are hardly more in accord with him. From their point he has fallen back from the positive to the metaphysical stage, and is holding up a mere mental abstraction to our worship, a "Power" which is not a faculty of the mind or a force of matter, a "stream of tendency" which, when separated from the things which tend, is a mere creation of the mind.

Indeed, the looseness of Mr. Arnold's treatment of abstractions is much to be regretted. The adequate conception of absolute substance, of infinite first cause, is the key to the best thought of the past, and is as necessary to the avoidance of its fallacies as the appreciation of its truths. Had Mr. Arnold devoted a little more time to the examination, he might have been more clear in his own conceptions and less airily contemptuous to those of others; and he would not have been driven to explain the arguments of Descartes and the appeals of the Jewish prophets by the substitution of etymological curiosities for ideas that to them were full of vital meaning. Descartes' famous argument—*cogito, ergo sum*—may be unsound, but it is a mere travesty of it to render it "I think, therefore I breathe." A little more of such consideration would have protected him also from himself repeating the error which he had just spent pages in exposing in Descartes, the assumption of a real existence corresponding to every universal idea. Yet this very assumption seems to be tacitly made when he rejects the miracles on account of the universal belief in invariable law, and again when he "verifies" the Eternal that makes for righteousness by appealing to our invariable belief in him. These ideas, he says, "prove themselves . . . and the idea of their truth is in human nature," etc. He is not alone in this kind of argument; he can count cosmists and idealists alike among his comrades, so slowly and fitfully do the great fallacies of the past die out.

To Mr. Arnold, however, these considerations may not after all seem very important, for he only addresses himself to the plain man, unbiassed by metaphysical jargon. But such a man will find it difficult, we fear, to grasp this idea of a power that is not a person, this stream of tendency that neither thinks nor feels, and the more he attempts to realize it, the more indistinct and elusive it will appear. What can he make of an immortality that is neither of body nor essence, but only an immortality "in the eternal order, and the eternal order never dies"? Is it possible that Mr. Arnold has given us a figure of speech for a Deity, an empty phrase for an immortal hope? It seems incredible, yet we cannot but recall Mr. Arnold's favorite quotation from Homer: "Wide is the range of words; words may make this way or that way."

English History for the Use of Public Schools. By the Rev. J. Franck Bright, M.A. Period I.: Mediæval Monarchy, from the Departure of the Romans to Richard III.—449-1485. With maps and plans. (London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1875. 16mo, pp. lii. and 374.)—One would hardly think that there was room for a new short history of England so soon after a work of such superlative merit as Mr. Green's, and yet Mr. Bright's will undoubtedly find its place, all the more as it does not attempt to rival Mr. Green's in its points of special excellence. In reviewing the latter about a year ago, almost the only feature to which we objected was its discarding familiar forms and divisions. This gave great freshness and continuity to the work; it brought out the development of English society and institutions as it had never been brought out before; but persons at all familiar with the old landmarks experienced some difficulty in finding their place and way in the new arrangement. The book before us observes the usual arrangement and divisions. Neither is this so unscientific a method as it may seem. Under any form of government in which the chief-magistrates have any power or influence at all, changes in these must react strongly upon the social and political development of the nation, and must at the same time be affected more or less by these. No great subdivisions of English history are more vital than, for instance, the Norman Conquest, the accession of the House of Tudor, and the Revolution of 1688.

It results from the same feature that certain points which require a single, connected treatment will be found more clearly and compendiously given in this volume than in Mr. Green's. The Anglo-Saxon constitution is such an one; Mr. Bright's short account of this is admirable, although we have noted a few inaccuracies. He has, for instance (p. 20), in describing the primitive Germanic institutions, made use of Anglo-Saxon terms which, if used anywhere in Germany, were found only in the extreme north; *eorl* and *ceorl* were terms identical with the Danish *jarl* and *karl*—not with the German *edeling* and *friling*. The term *manor* is used (p. 31) for Anglo-Saxon times; while the name certainly did not come in until the Conquest.

On the following page the "twelve chief Thegns" are described as belonging to the moot of the shire, instead of the hundred; indeed, the hundred, as a whole, is very inadequately treated. On page 36, the condition of England, in respect to its feudal elements, is stated to have differed from that of the Continent in "that there still existed a certain number of freemen whose land was their own." The sentences which follow modify this assertion, and contain an excellent statement of the extent to which feudal elements existed at this time; still, so loose an expression as the above cannot fail to mislead the learner. All these errors may easily have arisen from an excessive effort to compress.

The maps are very good, as is also the index. The most original feature is the genealogical tables of noble families, twelve in number, which will be very serviceable in the study of this period. Mr. Bright is in general so good on points of genealogy that we are surprised to find (p. 307) the famous Earl of Salisbury (killed before Orleans, 1428) spoken of as simply "son of Sir John de Montecute," with no direct intimation that the father, too, was Earl of Salisbury, and with no reference at all to his being the one whose execution by Henry IV. is described, p. 277. In the table of the Nevilles (p. xlv.) it would not have been amiss to introduce these two Montecutes: it is interesting to note that the "King-maker" was grandson of the distinguished soldier, and great-grandson of the beheaded Lollard, from whom he may have inherited his hostility to the House of Lancaster. We should have been glad of a table of the Hollands and Percies, and perhaps other families. The royal family, by the way, is hardly treated so well as the nobility; at least for the period before the Conquest.

The German Element in the War of American Independence. By George Washington Greene, LL.D., etc. (New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1876.)—Among the numerous minor contributions to the literary celebration of our centennial, few will be more acceptable to readers at large than the present volume. The author modestly disclaims in his preface all "pretension to original research." In the strictest sense of the word "ori-

ginal," we may accept his disclaimer. The statements of facts are based upon the researches of Dr. Friedrich Kapp, which have been already noticed in our columns; but the adaptation of them to the American reader, the treatment of them from the American point of view, the lessons and inferences drawn or suggested, are distinctively the work of Professor Greene, and for this he is entitled to ample praise. Furthermore, he has produced an exceedingly readable book. Those who have not the time or disposition to study Dr. Kapp's original monographs will find here, in a volume of two hundred pages, all that they need know about the life and labors of Steuben and De Kalb and the employment of German mercenaries. The more we consider the services of Steuben, the firmer becomes our conviction that they marked the turning-point in the fortunes of the American army. But for the spirit of discipline infused by this enthusiastic disciple of the great Frederic, it is safe to say that Washington and Greene would have planned in vain. By the side of Steuben the services of De Kalb lose somewhat of their importance. The latter was a good general, and perhaps more fascinating in appearance; but the former was indispensable. In fact, De Kalb does not deserve, in strictness, a place among the German elements of our revolution. Although German by name and birth, he was a thorough Frenchman in every respect—a child of the *ancien régime*, with many of its nobler qualities and also with a trace of its weaknesses. He was a good officer, but without creative genius; yet he served us generously and faithfully, and we can scarcely cherish his memory too warmly. Upon the employment of the Hessian, Brunswickian, and other mercenaries—by all odds the darkest stain upon the English management of the war—it is no longer necessary to dwell. We have only to warn our readers against fastening any share of the blame upon the German people. The *Volk* was completely under the yoke of despotism, and the poor hirelings who shed their blood to no purpose were passive victims. They certainly suffered more than did our ancestors. The then rising German spirit of freedom in letters, science, and politics looked upon the sale of human life with abhorrence as a national disgrace; but "public opinion" hardly existed then.

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The Reader.

THE CUSTOMS AND LEGEND OF ETON COLLEGE.

Vivacious writers have sometimes satirized the "College of the Blessed Mary" at Eton. Among the venerable towers in the vale of the Thames, they say, Science still adores her Henry's holy shade; but she does very little else. Incited by the rumors of inefficiency in English secondary education, a Commission was formed not long since to report upon the management of nine principal schools, of which Eton was supposed to be the chief culprit. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who quotes and sides with the satirists above mentioned, went over to the Continent, authorized by the Royal Commission; and returned with an idea that what English schools like Eton want is "supervision, not explorative only, but also to a considerable extent authoritative."

A most important contribution to such enquiry is made by H. C. Maxwell Lyte, A.M., who has just published in a handsome, illustrated volume the history of this college from the beginning. To Americans, who are not concerned with the question of Royal intervention in English schools, the work comes with a purely narrative interest, divested of the harshness of a struggle for reform, and strange as a chimney-corner tale with its sequence of legendary incidents.

Mr. Lyte's work seems to omit nothing, and out of its wealth of incident but a very few specimens can be here accommodated. Eton College was founded by the pious Henry VI., of whom Fuller says that "he might well have exchanged a pound of patience for an ounce of valor." It was opened in 1442, and immediately began to have a very close connection with English literature. Chaucer's 'Man of Law's Tale' was depicted in the church. One of its earliest fellows, Wey, having obtained leave of absence for three pilgrimages, left his 'Itineraries,' a curious picture of Europe in 1456, now reprinted. Some of William Paston's letters describe the life of an Eton schoolboy in 1478. The earliest English comedy now extant, 'Ralph Roister Doister,' must have been written by an Eton head-master, Udall, about 1551. A continuous succession of British scholars and writers have emerged from the school down to the present time. Gray is a traditional name of Eton. Charles James Fox, a Paris-bred debauchee of fifteen, was flogged there. Canning was an especial ornament. Præd wrote profusely in 'The Etonian.' Shelley was tortured there as a fag. Tennyson celebrates an Eton heroine in 'The Noble of Swine,' whose litter was abstracted, it appears, for a succession of sucking-pig suppers.

The conservation of British valor was a speciality of Eton. At first the proper influence was derived, as among the Romans, from the torture of animals; but this yielded in time to the torture of boys, a spectacle frequently praised by old Etonians as equally improving. Bull-baiting came down from the earliest times, and continued almost under the eye of the authorities until 1833. In 1747 the Eton boys were compelled to give up their old custom of beating a ram to death along the street at election-tide. So late as Charles II. a live cock was tormented by suspension on Shrove-Tuesdays, in memory of Peter's sin. In our own time badger-fights, dog fights, and cat and duck hunts, were organized especially for the Eton boys, just outside the grounds. Queen Charlotte, in 1778, caused the suppression of the custom of kicking down hill a boy dressed like a clerk by another dressed like a bishop—a game almost sacred, as referring to the suppression of Catholicism by Henry VIII. "Shelley-baits" were a regular pastime of Eton boys during the poet's youth, because the young reformer refused to fag. They consisted in "chasing up town." His comrade, Sidney Walker, another genius, was similarly persecuted. From Mr. Lyte's universal tone of condemnation we infer that like tastes are now expended upon cricket and boating.

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